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“ ‘YES,’ SAID THE DYING SOLDIER, ‘PLEASE SING TO ME, “JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.” ’ ” — *Page 16.*

Famous Hymns of the World

THEIR ORIGIN AND THEIR
ROMANCE

✓ BY

ALLAN SUTHERLAND

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE REV. HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., LL.D., Sc.D.

Illustrated

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TO
THE MEMORY
OF THOSE WHO HAVE LEFT TO US THE PRICELESS
LEGACY OF THESE IMMORTAL
HYMNS
AND TO ALL THOSE TO WHOM THESE HYMNS
ARE DEAR
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

Blessed be God for these hymns of penitence and faith and love !
They renew within us the fervor of the days when at the Cross we
first saw the light, and the burdens of our hearts rolled away ; and
they bring us as penitents anew to the pierced feet of Him Who died
to wash away our sins. — Rev. FLOYD W. TOMKINS, S.T.D.

Hymns are the exponent of the innermost piety of the Church.
They are the jewels which the Church has worn, the pearls, the dia-
monds, the precious stones formed into amulets more potent against
sorrow and sadness than the most famous charm of the wizard or
magician. And he who knows the way that hymns flowed, knows
where the blood of true piety ran, and can trace its veins and arteries
to the very heart. — HENRY WARD BEECHER.

FOREWORD



DURING the year 1905 a series of articles on twelve of our most popular hymns appeared in *The Delineator* and attracted far-reaching attention. In accordance with a very generally expressed desire, they are now presented in an enlarged and more permanent form.

In the course of preparing these articles for publication, the author wrote to a number of prominent persons, ministers for the most part, submitting a list of hymns, which had been carefully selected, and asking them for incidents or for any personal experiences which they themselves or their friends had had in connection with these favourite "songs

FOREWORD

of the heart," the desire being to introduce as much original and helpful matter as possible.

The interest manifested in the responses was very gratifying and encouraging; but while many kindly sent contributions, by far the larger number replied, in substance: "I regret to state that I have had no personal experiences in connection with these hymns."

A distinguished minister doubtless gives the true explanation. He writes: "I can heartily sympathise with you in your efforts to secure fresh and original matter. The fact is, our ministers, as a rule, usually sing the hymns so perfunctorily, and so utterly thoughtless of practical results, that there are really few known incidents occurring outside of the special meetings held by evangelists in which songs play so prominent and valuable a part."

The incidents are given as they were received, although, as with those relative

FOREWORD

to "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," there is, at times, lack of agreement. Apart from these incidents, for which, of course, the author cannot claim responsibility, a painstaking effort has been made at accuracy of statement. For the most part, the incidents are new, the usual stock stories which appear in books of a similar character having been, to a large extent, excluded.

Each article has its own peculiar interest. In some cases it seemed best to make much of the life of the composer of the hymn; in others, the hymn itself and its incidents received the most attention.

The matter given contains material enough for a sermon on each hymn; and the hope is expressed that the reading of this volume will suggest to many ministers a series of sermons on this most interesting subject.

In preparing the articles which appeared in *The Delineator* for this more

FOREWORD

durable form, much valuable matter has been inserted, and several popular hymns have been added.

The author is indebted to all those who have contributed to these pages ; to Mr. Charles M. Alexander, Mr. W. H. Doane, and Mr. E. O. Excell for copyright privileges ; to Dr. McCook for his excellent Introductory, and to Mr. Harry Pringle Ford for valuable literary assistance, — to all of whom he publicly returns his grateful thanks.

This volume goes forth on its mission of love and service with the hope that it may develop a greater affection for and interest in our familiar hymns and their authors ; and, above all, it goes with the earnest prayer that it may be instrumental in leading immortal souls to a saving knowledge of the Master.

ALLAN SUTHERLAND.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1906.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTORY	xiii
I JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL	1
II ABIDE WITH ME	27
III JUST AS I AM	47 ✓
IV MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE	71
V SUN OF MY SOUL	95
VI LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT	115
VII ROCK OF AGES	133
VIII A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD	155
IX NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE	179 ✓
X ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS	203
XI COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING	225
XII STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS	245

CONTENTS

	PAGE
XIII THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD	267
XIV FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUN- TAINS	297
XV SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS .	319
XVI MY COUNTRY, 'T IS OF THEE . .	339
XVII THE GLORY SONG	367
XVIII SUNSET AND EVENING STAR . .	391

ILLUSTRATIONS

“‘Yes,’ said the dying soldier, ‘please sing to me “Jesus, Lover of My Soul”’”	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
The Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D., LL.D., Sc.D.	xiii
“The great hymn, ‘Abide with Me,’ doubtless conceived in the walk by the sea”	38
“Come to Him just as you are”	54
“With a deep consciousness of his own needs, he transferred to paper, as faithfully as he could, what was passing within him”	90
“And in quiet country places, we turn instinctively to the one hymn that fits into our mood and need”	112
John Henry Newman, author of “Lead, Kindly Light”	118
“Then it was that I wrote the lines, ‘Lead, Kindly Light’”	122
“In like manner, Toplady, exultant in his view, wrote ‘Rock of Ages’ before he sought rest”	142
“Luther would say to Melancthon: ‘Come, Philip, let us sing the 46th Psalm’” .	164

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
“Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky, sun, moon, and stars forgot, upwards I fly” .	180
“Sang most heartily ‘Onward, Christian Soldiers,’ to cheer the Christian Japanese in the ranks”	220
“Came to him now with a new and a power- ful personal appeal”	242
“Now, father, I am ready. Tell them, ‘Let us all stand up for Jesus’”	258
William Cowper, author of “There Is a Foun- tain Filled with Blood”	270
“He retired for that purpose to a distant part of the room”	304
“Fanny, I have just forty minutes; during that time you must write me a hymn”	332
The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., author of “My Country, 'Tis of Thee”	342
“‘I’ve got a song that is going to live!’” .	372
Charles M. Alexander	374
Lord Tennyson, author of “Sunset and Evening Star”	394
“My eye caught in the cloudless atmosphere the gleam of a star, resplendent in its beauty”	406



Photo by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

THE REV'D HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D., LL.D., S.C.D.

INTRODUCTORY

BY THE

REV. HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., LL.D., Sc.D.*



FROM the earliest eras of history, religion has been wedded to song. In every stage of civilisation and in well-nigh every form of worship this has been true. From the rude ululations of savage medicine-men, with the monotonous beat of tum-tums, to the splendid Levitical choir of the Hebrew temple that rendered the psalms to the accompaniment of stringed and

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INTRODUCTORY

brazen instruments, the record does not vary.

How rhythm and melody react upon the religious sentiment, and why religious experience naturally flows in rhythmic utterance, one need not here inquire. Such inquiries belong to the natural history of sacred psalmody. But there are our sacred books to attest the facts. A large part of them are poems. The poets of ancient Israel were true prophets. The core of the Hebrew religion and worship lay within its religious songs; and these are the portions of its ritual that have lived; and one may safely predict that they shall run the whole cycle of being with our race.

As far back as the days of Moses, we read of Miriam under a prophetic impulse breaking forth into song to commemorate the deliverance of Israel from the Egyptians on the peninsular shore of

INTRODUCTORY

the Red Sea. A refrain of that hymn has come down to us :

“Sing unto the Lord for He hath triumphed gloriously ;
The horse and his rider He hath whelmed within the
sea.”

That such religious songs were not rare and that their musical utterance was even then organized as a part of worship, appears from the fact that Miriam's countrywomen accompanied her with their guitars, and joined in the chorus.

The Songs of Deborah illumined the period of the Judges. They have been given a place by competent critics among the noblest lyrics of antiquity. One of these, Heinrich Ewald, speaks of them as so artistic, with all their antique simplicity, that they show to what “refined art poetry early aspired, and what a delicate perception of beauty breathed already beneath its stiff and cumbrous soul.”

INTRODUCTORY

The Gospel era dawned in the midst of holy songs, hymned by angels, by holy men and women, and by the Mother of our Lord. From that day on the Church of Jesus has been vocal with psalmody. The primitive Church had her spiritual songs. The saintliness of the early Christian ages survives in the Greek and Latin hymns, and the pleasant task of translating and assembling the choicest of these has occupied many gifted minds.

The Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century was borne forward on waves of sacred song. The sweet voice of the student lad that appealed from the snowy street to the heart of Dame Ursula Cotta, and opened her doors to Martin Luther, was a type of the new time. The new songs of the Reformation and the old psalms renewed in the vernacular and in popular musical forms,

INTRODUCTORY

prepared the way of multitudes for the revived truths of the Gospel.

Luther's musical taste and talent impressed itself upon Germany, and thence upon Europe. His free spirit found utterance outside of the Biblical forms of praise in metrical renderings of his own and other religious experiences. Calvin saw the value and authority of popular praises, and encouraged and procured their use in the new organisation of reformed worship of which he was the chief agent. But his more conservative spirit in such matters held to the ancient psalms; and this influenced all Europe outside of Germany. The Church of England used the version of Sternhold and Hopkins, and these will be found appended to the early prayer-books. Rous's version was substantially that best liked and approved by the Church of Scotland.

INTRODUCTORY

The historic "Huguenot Psalter" was the joint work of Clement Marot and Theodore Beza, the former having rendered into French metre the first fifty psalms, and the latter the remaining one hundred. These, set to popular music, caught the ear and heart of the people of all ranks. They ran rapidly throughout French-speaking nations, and became as well known as the "Gospel Hymns" in the palmy days of Moody and Sankey.

The Hebrew Psalter embodies the religious experiences of the chosen people, whose faith, more spiritual than that of any other nation of antiquity, was in-breathed and nurtured by the Holy Spirit. It is not to be supposed that the one hundred and fifty psalms included within the canonical psalter were the only ones that the poets of Israel hymned. But these, in the process of

INTRODUCTORY

an inspired selection and a devotional development, were the ones that filled and satisfied the religious consciousness of that most spiritual people, and became the vehicle of not only a national but of an international praise.

For the Book of Psalms is a book for all nations. The very divinity of its origin insures its catholic humanity. It has proved its high ethnic qualities by ages of world-wide usage. A cloud of witnessing praises, rising from the Church of every age and name throughout centuries of testing, testifies to its fitness. If the taste of this era — much to the regret of some of us — has largely rejected metrical versions in the vernacular, yet their use, after the manner of the ancients, in chants, still holds and even widens in the Church's service of praise.

At all events, enough has been writ-

INTRODUCTORY

ten to show that the selective work of Mr. Allan Sutherland, in collecting some of the hymns that have most approved themselves to the religious experiences of Christians of recent times, is quite in line with the devotional spirit and acts of past generations. Certainly such a collection can make no claim to inspiration in the highest sense. But believing, as we all must do, that God, the Holy Ghost, still speaks to and through the spirits and lives of pious men and women, there is surely no small degree of authority and interest in those hymns that have voiced the spiritual life of a great multitude, and of which fact illustrations are here presented.

Moreover, it is most fitting that such hymns and psalms should be prepared for a truly catholic constituency. It is significant that the hymns which have fastened themselves upon the hearts of

INTRODUCTORY

the devout in any one branch of the Church are those which are loved and used by all who honour and love the name of Christ. In all ages the truly devout are one in spiritual sympathy, and therefore the forms of praise which utter the devotions of one heart bear alike to God the aspirations of another. The Calvinistic Toplady, Watts, and Bonar; the Methodist Wesleys; the Anglican Heber, Ken, and Keble; the Romanist Faber and Newman, and all the goodly company of the sons and daughters of Asaph, when uttering the devotions of their souls, speak in one tongue.

There is something divine in the flame of sacred poesy that burns out therefrom the dross of sect. The hymns of the most rigid denominations are rarely sectarian. There is not a presbyter or priest in this whole land, who, with due tact and good faith, could not con-

INTRODUCTORY

duct a mission or service of song as chaplain of a congregation of soldiers or sailors made up of Protestants and Roman Catholics, of all phases of ecclesiastical opinions, without one discordant note and with perfect approval and enjoyment of all. This the writer, as a Government chaplain in two wars and for a quarter of a century in the National Guard, has repeatedly done and seen done.

Such great catholic missions as those of Moody and Sankey, Whittle and Bliss, Torrey and Alexander, which have appealed to all classes, conditions, and creeds, and have made their services so largely a service of song, have been and remain impressive witnesses of the substantial unity of the devout when they engage in the worship of praise.

I

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL



Jesus, Lober of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call ?
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer ?
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall !
Lo, on Thee I cast my care ;
Reach me out Thy gracious hand !
While I of Thy strength receive,
Hoping against hope I stand,
Dying, and behold I live !

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name ;
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Wash and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL



ORDSWORTH, who himself was one of the world's sweetest composers of immortal verse, thus writes:

“ Blessing be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler
cares!

The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly
lays.”

In the front ranks of those who might hope to attain a portion of the blessings thus invoked upon poets stands Charles Wesley, who shares with David, the great psalmist of Israel, the honour of being among earth's noblest and most gifted writers of song.

There is little doubt, perhaps, that the greatest song of all the ages — the one which, above all others, has brought peace and comfort to vast multitudes;

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

the one which, in countless instances, has been earliest lisped in childhood, and the last to linger on the tongue when Death's summons came — is the Twenty-third Psalm. For nearly three thousand years it has occupied a foremost place in all God-loving hearts, and its beauty and strength have been recognised and acknowledged by all the world.

More than a century and a half ago, another perfect heart-song, Charles Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," was given to the world, and it has long since become recognised as one of the noblest expressions of Christian faith and hope in all literature; and while it can never diminish the glory of David's matchless verse, yet it shares with it the first place in the hearts of countless thousands; and the two together voice the creed, the hope, and the prayer of Christendom.

Wesley wrote this hymn at the age

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

of thirty-two, when he was at the height of his mental powers. Several incidents have been narrated as having suggested to him its composition, two or three of which are here given: One is, that his narrow escape from death in a severe storm on the Atlantic inspired him to portray in verse the thoughts and sensations of a Christian in deadly peril. Another, that, as he stood by an open window on a summer day, a little bird, sorely pressed by a hawk, sought refuge in his bosom, and that then and there he conceived the idea of pointing out the soul's one sure place of safety in time of imminent need.

The Rev. William Laurie, D.D., LL.D., states that Mrs. Mary E. Hoover, long a member of his church in Bellefonte, Pa., and whose own grandmother was the heroine of the story, informed him of the following family tradition: "Charles Wesley was

preaching in the fields of the parish of Killielee, County Down, Ireland, when he was attacked by a number of men who did not approve of his doctrines. He sought safety in a house located on what was known as the Island Band farm. The farmer's wife, Jane Lowrie Moore, told him to hide in the milk house down in the garden. Soon the mob came, demanding the fugitive. She sought to quiet them by offering to get them refreshments. Going down to the milk house, she directed Mr. Wesley to get through a rear window and hide under the hedge, by which ran a little brook. This he did, and it was while here, with the cries of his pursuers all about him, that he wrote his immortal hymn. Descendants of Mrs. Moore still live in the house, which is much the same as it was in Wesley's time."

Whatever may have been the inciting cause, it resulted in inspiring one

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

of the noblest songs of modern times, and in making the whole world debtor to the author's divine gift of poesy. We are inclined to believe that the same thing might be said of Wesley in this connection as was said of Sidney Lanier, the gifted Southern poet. Some one asked a weeping old man who stood by Lanier's death-bed, from whence he drew the power to write such beautiful verse, and the simple and touching response was, "God taught him." Surely Charles Wesley was "taught of God" when he composed the lines which have so often come as a benediction to human souls in their night-time of sorrow.

What volumes of incidents connected with this hymn might be written! Perhaps there is scarcely a preacher who has had any extended experience with death-bed scenes, who could not tell one or more interesting stories associated with it. Only a short time

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

ago, a sainted minister, far past the allotted "threescore years and ten," and whose strong, peaceful face has already caught something of the glow of the eternal morning, said: "The hymn has always been inexpressibly dear to me; but it took on a new and deeper meaning when, years ago, I leaned over the dying form of one of the truest women my life has ever known, and heard her whisper with her latest breath, in broken, pleading tones:

"'Hide . . me, . . O my Saviour, . . hide.'

Few words, it is true, but enough to indicate in whom she trusted as her hold on earth weakened, and she groped through the shadow that veiled her dim eyes for a space from the glories of Heaven."

The Rev. A. S. Fiske, D.D., of Washington, D. C., furnishes this tender incident: "A lovely young mother

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

and her husband were the leaders of our music in the first church of which I was the pastor. Their baby, Mary, died. The mother, frail in form and of delicate beauty, could not recover from the blow, and slowly faded into consumption. One day I was called to her bedside. There I found her husband, struggling to repress his anguish, waiting for the end. She was serene, and more exquisitely beautiful than ever — the hectic colour flushing her cheeks and her great, dark eyes aglow. She, too, knew that the end was approaching. I shall never forget the indescribable tenderness of her eyes and the comfort in her voice, as she said to her husband, ‘Dearest, now sing “Jesus, Lover of My Soul.”’ As we sang she would now and then attempt to join us, but her voice would fail, while we faltered on. When the hymn was ended, she murmured: ‘Oh, how sweet!’ Her eyes closed for a

little and then they flashed wide open and her cheeks seemed to take on an added flush. A look of wonder and delight came into her face, and she raised a thin, pale hand with a caressing motion, as if gently stroking a dear face bent above; her lips moved; her husband bent to catch her words, and she was murmuring with all the infinite eagerness of mother-love, 'Mary! Baby Mary!' Then her hand fell back and her eyes closed contentedly. We thought that she had gone to join her lost darling; but once more, and for the last time, her eyes flashed open, and while her face shone with 'a light that never was on sea or land,' she stretched up both hands with an adoring movement, and her husband caught the words, 'Jesus! Blessed, blessed Jesus!' The 'Lover of her soul' had come, according to His precious promise, and brought Baby Mary with Him to receive her to Himself and to bear her away to

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

the blessed home in which her husband has long since joined his loved ones.”

“This hymn has special interest for me,” writes the Rev. William R. Kirkwood, D.D., “from the fact that the last intelligible utterance of my father was from it. He was an old man, and evidently near the end. I asked him if he found his faith hold and Jesus precious. Rousing his failing forces, he answered:

“ ‘Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.’

He faltered on until he uttered the last words of the stanza, when his voice failed and he was not able to speak again. You will readily believe that the hymn is dear to me because of this, but you have doubtless noticed its wonderfully direct personality in its appeal to the Lord — not to an ‘inanimate God’ who is ‘the principle of our life,’ but to a living, personal being, the

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Divine Man. This runs all through it, and I venture to think that this is one of its chief charms, one of the qualities that make it especially dear to the heart in the hours of 'storm and stress.' ”

This hymn was a special favourite of Dr. Lyman Beecher. His famous son, Henry Ward Beecher, said of it: “I would rather have written that hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious; it has more power in it. It will go singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think, it will mount up on some lips to the very presence of God.”

“On an intensely warm day,” Mr. H. P. Ford relates, “as I stood on the corner of a sun-baked street in Philadelphia, waiting for a car to take me to the cool retreats of Fairmount Park, I heard a low, quavering voice singing, with inexpressible sweetness, ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul.’ Looking up to an

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

open window whence the sound came, I saw on the sill a half-withered plant — a pathetic oasis of green in a desert of brick and mortar — and resting tenderly and caressingly upon it was an emaciated hand. I could not see the person to whom the voice and hand belonged, but that was unnecessary — the story was all too clearly revealed: I knew that within that close, uncomfortable room a human soul was struggling with the great problem of life and death, and was slowly but surely reaching its solution; I knew that in spite of her lowly surroundings her life was going out serenely and triumphantly. I shall never quite forget the grave, pathetic pleading in the frail young voice as these words were borne to me on the oppressive air:

“ ‘ Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me! ’ ”

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

This incident comes from the Rev. Stephen A. Hunter, Ph.D., LL.D., whose friend, the Rev. James Rankin, of the United Presbyterian Church, was one of the chief actors: "During the Civil War, the Rev. Mr. Rankin was serving under the Christian Commission and was often called to minister to the wounded and dying. After one of the battles he was bending over a dying soldier. He had ministered to the physical wants of the brave sufferer as best he could, and then offered a brief prayer commending him to a merciful Saviour. 'Is there anything more I can do for you?' said the minister, as he was about to go to the help of others. 'Yes,' said the dying soldier, 'please sing to me "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."' The minister hesitated. He came from a church in which hymns were never sung in the worship of God, and he had been taught to look askance upon them as a means of

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

spiritual help; but there was no denying this dying plea, and, besides, the hymn had a warm place in his heart in spite of his training. Softly and tenderly he sang, as never before, with the thought that it was comforting a human soul in its extremity. As the words floated out in the darkness, where the dead and the wounded lay, a strange quiet, like that of a great benediction, fell upon all, and the dying man clasped the hand of the singer with a heart full of gratitude, while he sang on:

“ ‘ Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.’ ”

“ With the closing strains there seemed to come a sweet peace over the dread battle plain. The soldier relaxed his grasp; the prayer was heard; the song had ushered him within the gates.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

“And the minister went on in his ministry of helpfulness, with a new thought in his heart: If this hymn will do to die by, it will do to live by. And in after days he comforted many dying souls with its beautiful words.”

Some years ago a ship was being dashed to pieces on a lee shore. As she drew nearer in the thralldom of relentless breakers, and as the brief winter twilight faded into night, a few men could be dimly seen desperately clinging to the rigging. It was impossible for a small boat to live in such a sea, and there was no other human means of rendering aid. One by one the sailors hopelessly gave up the struggle that was beyond mortal endurance, and their bodies were cast upon the beach. It was thought that all had perished, when, in a momentary lull in the roar of the wind and the booming of the waters, a man's voice

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

was heard, full of pleading, away off in the blackness, singing:

“ Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.”

The watchers heard no more. The brave voice was stilled forever; the sailor had reached “his desired haven.” Soon tender hands drew his storm-tossed body from the surf, and the next day it was gently laid away under the trees in the nearby churchyard. On quiet Sabbath mornings, when the fisherfolk gather for their spiritual devotions, the story of the storm and the song is often repeated.

The cheering words of this matchless hymn, wedded to deathless music, will continue to sound along the years, making the world better, faith stronger, and God more real, until time shall be no more.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

No history of the hymn would be complete without the story of the beautiful tune to which it is inseparably wedded, and this has been admirably told by Dr. Henry T. McEwen, of Amsterdam, New York:

“By an overwhelming vote, ‘Rock of Ages’ and ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul’ have been placed in the very front rank of hymns. Their almost identical experience furnishes a coincidence as interesting as it is striking. Both were written in Great Britain, contiguous in place and contemporaneous in time. Both waited about a century, and both crossed the ocean to find in America the tunes with which they have been most blessedly and intimately associated. ‘Rock of Ages’ found its appropriate musical setting in the tune ‘Toplady,’ by Dr. Thomas Hastings; and Charles Wesley’s great hymn, ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul,’ found the tune ‘Martyn,’ on which it

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

has been borne to every land, and to which it is sung in every tongue. Myriads of Christians, toiling on in faith and hope, who now and then gladden their hearts with song, give this hymn and tune first place in their innermost affections.

“ Simeon B. Marsh was born in the State of New York in 1798. His opportunities were limited; his passion for music unbounded. With Dr. Thomas Hastings, who lived but a few miles away, he formed a lasting friendship. Dr. Hastings was then a great leader in the composition and teaching of sacred music.

“ Early in life Mr. Marsh, during the winter months, taught singing schools in the villages and hamlets near his home. In his leisure hours he built several organs of limited size. In 1832 he removed to Amsterdam, New York, where he became the leader of the choir of the Presbyterian Church, and during

the autumn and winter continued to teach in adjacent villages.

“One morning in the autumn of 1834 he had started from Amsterdam to Johnstown on his weekly circuit of singing schools. The beautiful scenery, because familiar, had nothing new to attract him. While he mused, the fire of inspiration burned within him. At the foot of Tribes Hill, a few miles west of Amsterdam, he dismounted, and leaving his horse to graze nearby, seated himself beneath a noble elm, which then stood with others where now the four tracks of the New York Central Railway bear a mighty commerce to the sea, and jotted down on such paper as he chanced to have, the tune ‘Martyn’ to the words:

“ ‘Mary, to her Saviour’s tomb,
 Hasted at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she loved was gone.’

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

“ Arriving in Johnstown, he wrote the new tune on the blackboard for the children’s class that afternoon. Our hearts are stirred with a new tenderness and gratitude as we remember that children’s voices were the first to sing the melody. Encouraged by the welcome the simple composition received from his singing classes, Mr. Marsh taught it to his choir. The Sabbath dawned; the time for the church service arrived. What a moment it was! Seated at the organ which his own hands had built, and which they now played, Mr. Marsh led the choir, which he had trained, in singing for the first time, as a part of divine worship, the tune which he himself had composed. The appreciation of the music-loving congregation was instant, but they little dreamed that the fame of the tune which they had just heard would be more widespread and enduring than the hills encircling their classic

valley, that its ministry of service would extend through time and eternity.

“Some years later Dr. Hastings discovered that the tune was better adapted to ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul’ than to the hymn selected by Mr. Marsh. He sought and secured from his friend the privilege of making the change. In 1870, not long before his death, Dr. Hastings, in making his famous collection, secured from Mr. Marsh a facsimile of the original score, using, of course, the words ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul,’ and giving the date of composition, and adding the composer’s autograph.

“When Gilmore was preparing for the ‘World’s Jubilee’ in Boston, in 1872, he selected ‘Martyn’ as a representative American tune, and invited Mr. Marsh to hear it rendered on that occasion by his famous band. Mr. Marsh died in 1877.

“Sunday morning, November 11,

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

1900, the Presbyterian Church at Amsterdam began its centennial celebration. After the historical sermon, and just before the congregation rose to sing the closing hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' to the tune 'Martyn,' the pastor told the story of its composition. In the crowded house there were many who remembered the old church edifice from which the tune had gone forth on its matchless ministry. There were a few present who had received their first lessons in singing from Mr. Marsh. Tears of joy, gratitude, and appreciation rolled down the cheeks of stalwart men as well as of gracious women. Led by organ and chorus, the congregation joined in an outpouring of praise such as is never heard save when human hearts are deeply stirred."



II

ABIDE WITH ME



Abide with me : fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide :
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

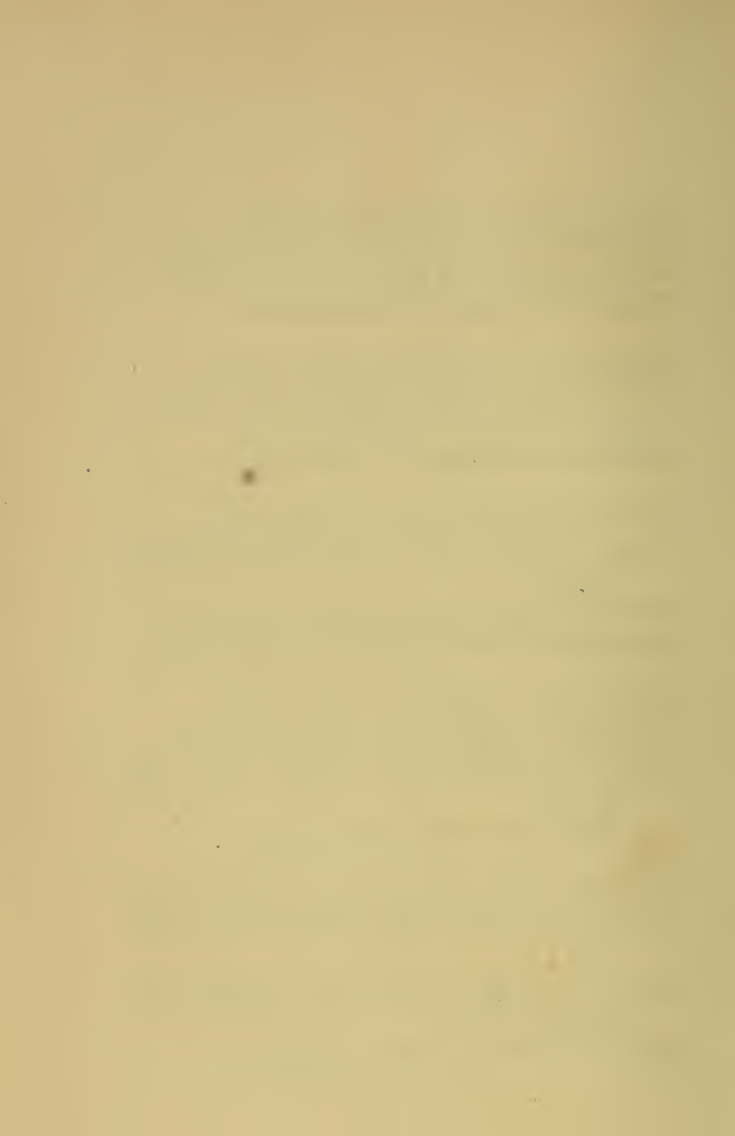
I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless :
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies :

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee :
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.



ABIDE WITH ME



NOT often does Shelley's declaration of poets, "They learn in suffering what they teach in song," find such complete verification as in the case of Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847) and his matchless composition, "Abide with Me."

On the eastern coast of Devonshire, England, is the ancient little seaport town of Brixham, built on the sunny cliffs of Torbay, with magnificent vistas of the English Channel widening to the Atlantic. Of its surroundings, the Rev. S. W. Christophers has the following description:

"One finds here, within the limits of a few days' ramble, the richest interminglings of balmy air and bright blue sea, of hill and dale, copsy knoll and ferny hollow, villa-crowned heights and

cottages in dells, noble cliffs and terraced gardens, mountain paths and quiet sparkling beaches, weedy rocks and whispering caverns, ever-varying, ever-harmonising scenes, amid which, above, beneath, around, and everywhere, grandeur is melting into beauty."

It was amid such scenes as these that "Abide with Me" was written; and one will not be surprised to learn that only a few miles away, in the town of Torquay, where the country and coast are almost identical, Charlotte Elliott gave to humanity another great hymn, "Just As I Am."

The town of Brixham, though carrying on an extensive fishing and coasting trade, grows but little, and is much as it was in 1688, when William of Orange landed there on his first memorable visit to England. The stone on which he stepped is still preserved as a relic in an obelisk at the head of the quaint little pier; and it was on this

ABIDE WITH ME

same stone that William IV, a century and a half later, also stepped when paying a visit to Brixham, where, in connection with other ceremonies, he was met by Mr. Lyte with a surpliced choir. It is not, however, the visits of these monarchs of the realm that have made Brixham famous.

It seemed a singular chance that placed this frail, sensitive minister over a parish composed largely of hardy fisherfolk, with here and there a sprinkling of more refined and cultured people. There were also soldiers in the barracks, and visitors who came to enjoy the salt-water bathing. It was evidently a place for a great soul to do a noble mission, and Mr. Lyte was the Heaven-sent messenger who for twenty-five long years knew

“ Their lives, their hearts,
Their thoughts, their feelings, and their
dreams,
Their joys and sorrows, and their smiles and
tears.”

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

All the while he himself was suffering from consumption, which was destined at last to remove him from these scenes in which he so faithfully laboured for his beloved people. The time came, while he was still in the prime of life, when he felt that his work would soon be over, and with the deepest longings he desired that he might be permitted to do something which would have its influence for good upon humanity after he had gone to his rest. This longing found expression in the following language:

“ Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart —
Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
Or bind one broken heart —

“ Death would be sweeter then.”

Fortunately, the story of how this desire found such signal fulfilment in the production of “Abide with Me,” has been preserved. Mr. Lyte was living at the time in his beautiful home

in the Berry Head House, a gift from William IV, who remembered with pleasure the kindly attention of Mr. Lyte during his visit to Brixham. In the autumn of 1847 his physicians informed Mr. Lyte that it would be necessary for him to relinquish his work and spend the winter in Italy. He wrote to a friend:

“They tell me that the sea is injurious to me. I hope not, for I know of no divorce I should more deprecate than from the lordly ocean. From childhood it has been my friend and playmate, and never have I been weary of gazing on its glorious face. Besides, if I cannot live by the sea, adieu to poor Berry Head — adieu to the wild birds, and wild flowers, and all the objects that have made my old residence attractive.”

To another friend he wrote: “I am meditating flight again to the south. The little familiar robin is every morn-

ing at my window, sweetly warning me that autumnal hours are at hand. The swallows are preparing for flight, and inviting me to accompany them; and yet, alas! while I talk of flying, I can scarcely crawl, and I ask myself whether I shall be able to leave England at all."

When the last Sabbath of his stay in England (September 5, 1847) arrived, he determined to preach once more to his little flock and to celebrate with them the Lord's Supper. In spite of the protest of friends, he carried out his intentions, although scarcely able to stand in the chancel. In words of melting tenderness he pleaded with his people to live holy lives; and when he took his leave of them there was scarcely a dry eye in the church.

The day had been well-nigh perfect, and in the late afternoon, recovering somewhat from the strain of the service in the church, he walked slowly

ABIDE WITH ME

and feebly down the terraced walk to the water he loved so well and which he was about to leave forever. The benediction of autumn rested upon land and sea, and God's smile was over all.

Above his head the sun had wooed the leaves into blushing splendour, and in the darkening branches of the trees song birds were pouring out a perfect melody of music. The great breast of Torbay, with scarcely a ripple to mar its surface, thrilled and glowed in the waning light of the slowly westering sun, while Berry Head promontory cast a giant shadow over the nearby waters. Sea and sky were so intimately blended that no horizon line indicated where the one began or the other ended. The spell of the hour was upon the saintly minister. What he felt, what he suffered, in that memorable walk alone beside the waters will never be known, but we may be sure that "com-

ing events" had "cast their shadows before" and that he well knew what the end was to be. As the freshening breeze tossed the leaves about his feet and gently kissed his bared head, and as the mists came up out of the sea and the bright sunset colours faded into the sober grays of twilight, he slowly made his way back to the house, in prayerful silence, and went immediately to his room. It was in that hour that the great hymn, "Abide with Me," doubtless conceived in the walk by the sea, had its birth. When he joined his family a little later, he bore in his hand the words that were destined to be an inspiration to thousands. His prayer had been answered. His last evening in his old home had produced that which will be a blessing so long as the heart turns to its Maker for help in times of need.

The next day Mr. Lyte started for the Riviera, but he was not permitted



“THE GREAT HYMN, ‘ABIDE WITH ME,’ DOUBTLESS CONCEIVED IN THE WALK
BY THE SEA.”—Page 38.



ABIDE WITH ME

to reach it. When near Nice, France, the frail sufferer could no longer withstand the strain of travel; and here, with the Maritime Alps towering above him, and the Mediterranean stretching away before him, bathed in all the glories of perpetual summer, the golden bowl was broken and the spirit of the gentle invalid returned unto God who gave it. His last words were, "Peace! Joy!" He died on the 20th of November, 1847, at the age of fifty-four, less than three months after leaving England. His remains are buried beneath a simple cross in the English cemetery in Nice, and his grave is the Mecca of many pilgrims.

"Abide with Me" was the favourite hymn of the Christian soldier and hero, Charles George Gordon, better known as "Chinese Gordon," one of England's best and bravest generals, — a man "who could find the good in all, and was ever ready to help all to the

best of his power." Doubtless this hymn was to him a source of comfort and consolation in the many hours of sore trial he was called upon so often to face.

Incidents of how this hymn has been helpful might be multiplied, but a few must serve as illustrations. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler writes:

"During my active pastorate I often got better sermons from my people than I ever gave them. I recall now a most touching and sublime scene that I once witnessed in the death-chamber of a noble woman who had suffered for many months from an excruciating malady. The end was drawing near. She seemed to be catching a foregleam of the glory that awaited her. With tremulous tones she began to recite Henry Lyte's matchless hymn, 'Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.' One line after another was feebly repeated, until, with a rapturous sweetness, she exclaimed:

ABIDE WITH ME

“ ‘ Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes ;
Shine through the gloom and point me to
the skies :
Heaven’s morning breaks, and earth’s vain
shadows flee :
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.’ ”

“ As I came away from that room which had been as the vestibule of Heaven, I understood how the ‘ light of eventide ’ could be only a flashing forth of the overwhelming glory that plays forever around the throne of God.”

“ At the Naval Hospital at Norfolk,” writes Chaplain C. Q. Wright, “ during the war with Spain, when I conducted the funeral of a poor lad who died there, his shipmates stood round the coffin and joined tearfully in the hymn, ‘ Abide With Me.’ ”

Mr. Charles M. Alexander, the famous singer who accompanies the Rev. Dr. Reuben A. Torrey on his great evangelistic tours, writes thus of his farewell to Belfast: “ When we came

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

to the docks, we found a great multitude lined up across the custom house. . . . As we pulled out, we saw that the whole dock, which is circular and a mile in length, was crowded with people who waved their handkerchiefs and sang with earnest enthusiasm, 'Abide With Me.' ”

The Rev. William J. Hart writes: “Seven men were buried beneath thousands of tons of rock which fell without a moment's warning in a Cornish tin-mine.

“Willing hands soon began the work of rescue, though all despaired of finding any one alive. Their worst fears were not quite realized. One man was discovered, and was removed uninjured, the rocks having formed an arch over him.

“After a time the men who were at work, having been greatly encouraged by finding one man alive, called loudly to ascertain whether others were able

ABIDE WITH ME

to speak. One man answered the call. He was an active Christian and a Sunday-school superintendent.

“ ‘Are you alone?’ asked some one. ‘No; Christ is with me,’ was the answer.

“ ‘Are you injured?’ ‘Yes’; replied the imprisoned man, ‘my legs are held fast by something.’

“ Then they could hear him singing in a feeble voice:

“ ‘Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!’

“ They could hear no more. Two days later they found him with his legs crushed by a huge rock which rested upon them; but it was known from his life and last words that he had gone to be ‘forever with the Lord.’

“ When he was buried his funeral was attended by hundreds of people. According to the local custom, they

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

carried the casket through the streets with their hands, and on the way to the cemetery and also at the graveside his favourite hymns were sung. All were weeping as they finally sang 'Abide With Me,' the hymn which was last upon his lips; and doubtless many of those present felt the desire of their own hearts expressed in the words:

“ ‘ In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.’ ”

Dr. Louis F. Benson, in his "Studies of Familiar Hymns," makes this interesting statement: "It would seem strange to us if 'Abide With Me' were omitted from the hymn books. But its present position was not attained immediately, either in England or in this country. In 1855 Mr. Beecher, in his *Plymouth Collection*, put three verses at the service of American Congregationalists. In 1861 Dr. Henry A. Boardman, of Philadelphia, in his *Selection*, introduced the entire hymn to

ABIDE WITH ME

Presbyterians, especially of his own congregation. But he preceded it by the notice: '[For reading only].' That notice reads curiously now. But he may have considered, as some still consider, the hymn too personal and intense for congregational use; or more likely, he knew of no tune that would carry the long lines. Indeed, the actual use of the hymn dates from the publication, that same year, of the now familiar tune in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. After one of the meetings of the committee which compiled that book, it was suddenly remembered that there was no tune for Hymn 27, 'Abide With Me'; whereupon Dr. Monk, the musical editor (so he told a friend) sat down and composed in ten minutes the tune that has carried Hymn 27 to the ends of the earth."

It is interesting to know that an effort is being made to rebuild the church at Lower Brixham as a memo-

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

rial to Mr. Lyte. The present building, which is most unsightly and dilapidated, was erected early in the last century, and is utterly unsuited for its present uses, "the pews being so narrow that it is, in the greater part of the church, inconvenient to sit, difficult to stand, and impossible to kneel."

III

JUST AS I AM



Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

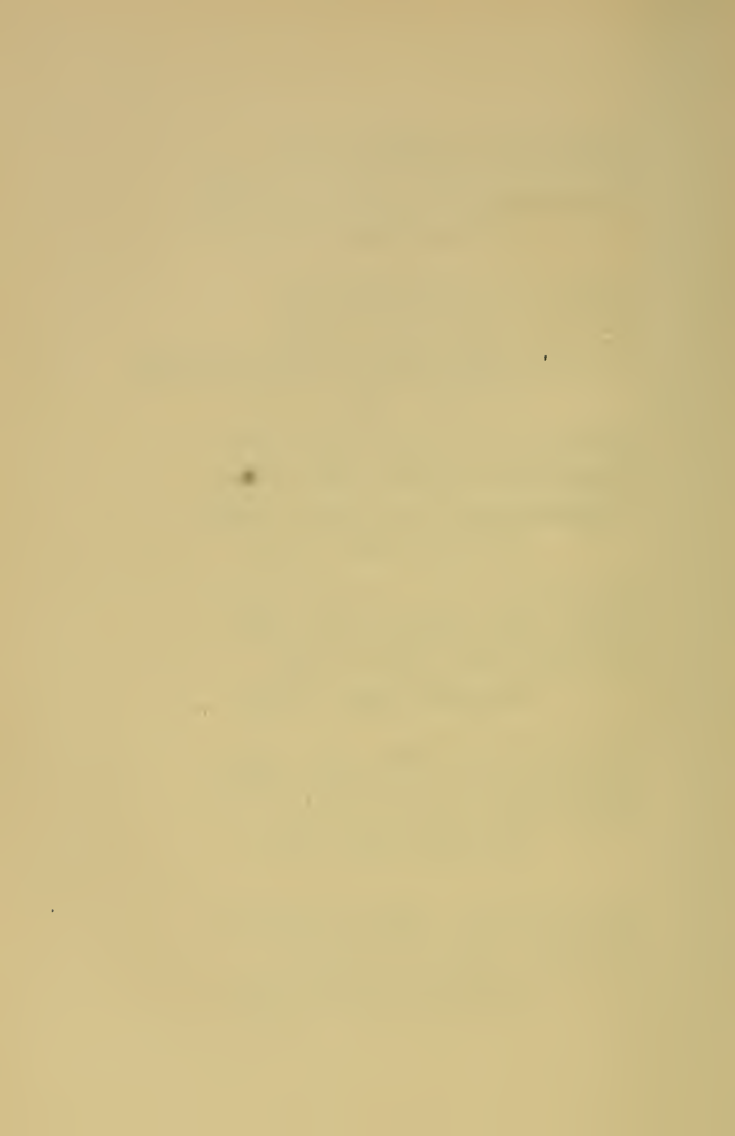
Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears, within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am! Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come.



JUST AS I AM



JEAN SWIFT writes in his *Voyage to Brobdignag*: "He gave it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

Whether this be true or not of the vegetable and political world, no one will question the value of the service rendered to the moral and social world by him who implants in human hearts aspirations and longings that lead to genuine reformation of character. Such service is sure of a blessing here, and is promised a glorious reward hereafter, for the Bible assures us that, "They that turn many to righteous-

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

ness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.”

Evangelistic hymns are important factors in helping men to realize their sinful condition. It was the privilege of Charlotte Elliott to write “Just As I Am,” the greatest of evangelistic compositions, and one which, above all others, has been successful in convicting men of sin and giving them a sense of their need of Christ. The opinion of Dwight L. Moody is shared by thousands: “It has done the most good to the greatest number, and has touched more lives helpfully than any other hymn.” The Rev. David R. Breed, D.D., says of this composition: “The rhythm is perfect, the poetical elements genuine, and the lyrical qualities unsurpassed;” while a brother of Miss Elliott, a minister, modestly, but doubtless truthfully, stated: “In the course of a long ministry I hope I have been permitted to see some fruit of my

labours, but I feel that far more has been done by this single hymn of my sister."

Charlotte Elliott was born in Brighton, England, March 18, 1789, and died September 22, 1871, at the age of eighty-two. She came of a cultured family and was herself highly educated. Two of her brothers were ministers. At the age of thirty-two she became a confirmed invalid, the result of a severe illness, yet she lived a half century longer, and saw all the companions of her youth pass to the grave. In the earlier stages of her invalidism it was her good fortune to meet the Rev. Dr. Cæsar Malan, the gifted Swiss preacher, who was two years her senior. He was a man of striking appearance and of many accomplishments. He was converted in 1817, at the age of thirty-two, and five years later made a brief visit to the home of Miss Elliott. Dr. C. S. Robinson

tells a very important incident of this visit:

“One evening, as they sat conversing, he asked her if she thought herself to be an experimental Christian. Her health was then failing rapidly, and she was harassed often with pain. The question made her petulant for a moment. She resented his searching question, and told him that religion was a matter which she did not wish to discuss. Dr. Malan replied, with his usual sweetness of manner, that he would not pursue the subject if it displeased her, but he would pray that she might give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for Him. Several days afterward the young lady apologised for her abrupt treatment of the minister, and confessed that his question and his parting remark had troubled her. ‘But I do not know how to find Christ,’ she said; ‘I want you to help me.’



"COME TO HIM JUST AS YOU ARE."—Page 55.



JUST AS I AM

“ ‘Come to Him *just as you are,*’ said Dr. Malan. He little thought that one day that simple reply would be repeated in song by the whole Christian world.”

Just when the hymn was written is not known, but it first appeared anonymously in *The Yearly Remembrancer*, in 1836. Dr. Robinson states: “Beginning thus its public history in the columns of an unpretending magazine, the little anonymous hymn, with its sweet counsel to troubled minds, found its way into scrap-books, then into religious circles and chapel assemblies, and finally into the hymnals of the ‘Church Universal.’ Some time after its publication a philanthropic lady, impressed by its beauty and spiritual value, had it printed on a leaflet and sent for circulation through the cities and towns of the kingdom; and, in connection with this, an incident at an English watering-place seems to have first revealed its authorship to the

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

world. Miss Elliott, being in feeble health, was staying in Torquay, in Devonshire, under the care of an eminent physician. One day the doctor, an earnest, Christian man, placed one of those floating leaflets in his patient's hands, saying he felt sure she would like it. The surprise and pleasure were mutual when she recognised her own hymn, and he discovered that she was its author."

Francis A. Jones gives another version of the origin of the hymn, which was furnished to him by a niece of the author: "In 1834 Miss Elliott was residing at Brighton, in a house long since pulled down, called Westfield Lodge. Her brother, the Rev. H. V. Elliott, having conceived the plan of erecting a college at Brighton for the education of the daughters of the poorer clergy, a bazaar was held in order to assist in raising the necessary money. All the members of Westfield Lodge

JUST AS I AM

were busy — all except Charlotte, who was weak and ill. The night before the bazaar she lay tossing on her bed, consumed with the thought of her apparent uselessness. The day of the bazaar came, and Charlotte continued in deep thought long after every one had gone; then came a feeling of peace and contentment. Taking a sheet of paper from the table beside her, she wrote, without any apparent effort, the verses by which her name is now held most dear.”

Many tender stories have been narrated in connection with the power of this remarkable hymn in the sick-room, in evangelistic services, and on the battle plain. The Rev. Dr. Henry A. Nelson has contributed the two following incidents:

“I was once requested to call upon a man who was in an advanced stage of pulmonary consumption. He had had a wild career, and now he was

paying the penalty by giving up his life when it should have been at the flood-tide of its power. At first, he was indifferent to spiritual matters, but subsequently he became a sincere and anxious seeker after salvation. Calling on him one morning I gave him a copy of 'Just As I Am,' and asked him to give that day to its study in just the same way that he would study a contract or bond involving important business, and then to make up his mind whether he would assent to its declarations; if so, to write his name at the bottom. I promised that I would call again in the evening to learn his decision. I did so, and as I stood by his bedside he handed to me, with a smile of rare winsomeness and peace, the paper on which the hymn was printed, and there, with great joy, I read his name. The few weeks that remained to him gave many beautiful and touching evidences that on that day he had

JUST AS I AM

found, through the study of a hymn, 'the peace that passeth understanding.'

"A respected merchant was a regular attendant upon our church services, although not a member. At an evening meeting, when he was present, I made an affectionate plea for better and truer living on the part of the congregation, and then announced that we would sing 'Just As I Am.' I asked that as we sang we should consider carefully what each verse really meant, and whether we could sing it as representing the sincere expression of our hearts. When we reached the last stanza, I said: 'Let all of us who really and honestly feel that this hymn expresses our own heart longings sing the last verse standing.' To my unspeakable joy, the merchant arose with the others. He left the room at the close before I could speak to him. In my waking moments that night I feared that my friend had risen under the

pressure of the thought that remaining seated while all about him stood would have made him uncomfortably conspicuous, and that he might possibly feel that he had been improperly placed in a false position. I went to his home early the next morning, in order to learn from his wife, who was not at the meeting the night before, what he might have told her. I found her very happy, and she said: 'I was sitting alone when my husband entered. He was singing "Just As I Am," and when he reached my side, he said, with deep emotion, "That hymn brought me to Christ to-night." ' ' "

The Rev. W. P. Miller, D.D., in a letter narrates the following: "One night, in a mission in the lowest portion of the city, I was pleading with a poor fellow whose presence for two or three nights in succession indicated that he was spiritually interested. I soon discovered that he was under deep con-

JUST AS I AM

viction of sin, but I exhausted my resources in a vain effort to bring him to a decision, and was on the point of giving up in despair when the singers began the grand old hymn, 'Just As I Am.' I sat with my hand on his shoulder, and as they sang I just repeated the words with the singers, looking him in the face and at every pause in the music interjecting a petition for his salvation. The hymn was not finished before the light came, and he cried out, with a voice full of joy:

“ ‘To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.’ ”

“ That hymn,” said Bishop Charles P. McIlvaine, of Ohio, who died in Florence, Italy, in 1873, “ contains my religion, my theology, my hope. When I am gone, I wish to be remembered in association with it.”

When the Rev. Joseph Peat, of England, a faithful missionary who had

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

given thirty years to the work in India, was dying, representatives from many congregations gathered about his bedside to express their gratitude for his devotion to their spiritual interests. After giving loving admonitions to eight native ministers who had been trained for their work almost altogether by him, he quietly said, "Now repeat my favourite hymn, 'Just As I Am,'" and soon after he was gone to hear the "Well done" of the Master.

"I well remember a revival meeting in Kilmarnock forty years ago," says the Rev. Dr. Robert Craig, of Edinburgh, Scotland, "in which there was deep feeling manifested. A young man, whom I had tried to lead to the knowledge of the truth, was sitting behind me, and when he smilingly handed to me his hymn-book, with his finger pointing to the words 'Just as I am, and waiting not, . . . O Lamb of God, I come,' I shared with him

the joy of his decision for Christ, without a word being spoken between us. He continues faithful to this day.”

Dr. Samuel W. Boardman, President of Maryville College, Tennessee, writes: “A student of Maryville, the son of a prominent minister, a descendant of John Alden, of Plymouth Rock memory, had long been wayward. At length, he came under the most powerful conviction of sin, and his soul found peace in Christ. He was a superb singer and had an admirably trained voice. Not long after his conversion, he stood before a large audience, and many were moved to tears to hear him sing softly, in the most heartfelt and touching way, ‘Just As I Am.’”

“Just As I Am” was used frequently by a prominent singer in the Bowery Mission, New York. A well-known Bowery man, who often attended the meetings, presented the singer with a cane one morning, and

said, with tears in his eyes and with the deepest emotion, "Keep on singing that hymn; I believe that it will yet prove my salvation."

"Some years ago," writes the Rev. William N. Yates, D.D., "at the close of an evangelistic service, I was called into the inquiry room, to find several persons very anxious about their spiritual condition. Many pastors will understand me when I say that two of these were in that condition when they simply needed guidance in expression. I took these two aside and began slowly and softly to sing 'Just As I Am.' I saw by their faces that the hymn perfectly expressed their burden and their desire; and when I sang the stanza,

" 'Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come.'

a change came over their troubled spirit as great as was experienced by

the Sea of Galilee when the Master said, 'Peace, be still!' They had found their Saviour."

The Rev. Dr. E. Milton Page says: "In my ministry of eleven years I have received into the church membership about twelve hundred people. It has been a rule with me to have the congregation sing 'Just As I Am' just before I ask those who would accept Christ publicly to acknowledge Him. I think I am safe in saying that more than half of the twelve hundred took the decisive step under the spiritual influence of this hymn."

"I have been in the ministry for twenty-four years," writes the Rev. Dr. Charles M. Boswell, "and during that time have seen hundreds converted, but the hymn which has been the most useful in enabling men to reach a decision has been 'Just As I Am.' I consider it invaluable in persuading men to yield to God."

S. H. Hadley, Superintendent of the McAuley Mission, New York, where such blessed work has been done for the reformation of all classes of men, says: “ ‘ Just As I Am ’ has been sung as an invitation call in the old Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission almost every night for years. How many times I have seen from twenty-five to forty-five outcasts make their way to the mercy-seat under the spiritual impulse awakened by that blessed hymn. How I wish I could describe the scene when men of every description, cleansed by the blood of the Lamb, have gone forth to become splendid and useful men of God — and all because they were willing to come to Him ‘ just as they were. ’ ”

Dr. H. Clay Trumbull, in his book on Individual Work for Individuals, tells this interesting incident:

“ I was in the habit of inviting soldiers to come to my tent, or other quar-

ters, to talk with me of personal religion. Sometimes they seemed to gain a little help by such conversation. At other times a few words were evidently sufficient for their needs. One young soldier from an adjoining regiment came in anxiety as to his spiritual condition. I tried to make his duty and his privilege plain, but I did not seem to succeed. I prayed with and for him, but he did not find peace. He said that he must now return to his regiment, but he would come to see me again.

“As he went out, I handed him a copy of a little Soldier’s Hymn-book, which was the only reading matter I had for distribution. When I met him again, his face was bright with the cheerfulness of a glad hope. As I asked him about himself, he replied:

“ ‘ You tried to make it plain to me, Chaplain, but I did n’t get any help. But, as I came away from your quar-

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

ters, I opened that little hymn-book, and I read:

“ “ Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid myself of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each
spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! ” ”

and then it was all clear to me.”

“ During the twenty-five years I was a pastor,” says the Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D., “ I found nothing so effective in bringing thoughtful people to the act of decision as the hymn ‘ Just As I Am ’ sung softly when the invitation to begin a Christian life had been given at the close of an earnest sermon. This direct and open confession seems to be the very thing to sweep away all excuses. Thousands of people have opened their hearts to welcome the Christian life during the singing of this soul-stirring hymn.”

Amos R. Wells relates this interesting incident: “ Once John B. Gough,

JUST AS I AM

the famous temperance lecturer, found himself in a pew with a man who seemed so repulsive that he moved to the farther end of the seat. The congregation began to sing 'Just As I Am,' and the man joined in so heartily Mr. Gough decided that perhaps he was not so disagreeable after all, and moved up nearer. At the end of the third stanza, while the organist was playing the interlude, the man leaned toward Mr. Gough and whispered, 'Will you please give me the first line of the next verse?' And when he heard the words,

“ ‘ Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,’

the man exclaimed, 'That's it, and I am blind — God help me, and I am a paralytic.' Then as he tried with his poor, twitching lips to make music of the glorious words, Mr. Gough thought that never in his life had he heard a Beethoven symphony with as much

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

music in it as the blundering singing of that hymn by the poor paralytic.”

After the death of Miss Elliott, above a thousand letters were found among her papers thanking her personally for the great blessings which had come to the lives of the writers through the instrumentality of “Just As I Am.”

IV

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO
THEE



My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour Divine :
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me eber stray
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.



MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE



WHEN Dr. and Mrs. Ray Palmer celebrated their golden wedding anniversary, in 1882, one of the speakers, the gifted Dr. Richard S. Storrs, paid this tribute to Dr. Palmer, the author of "My Faith Looks Up to Thee":

"The grandest privilege which God ever gives to His children upon earth, and which He gives to comparatively few, is to write a noble Christian hymn, to be accepted by the churches, to be sung by reverent and loving hearts in different lands and different tongues, and which still shall be sung as the future opens its brightening centuries. Such a hymn brings him to whom it is given into most intimate sympathy with the Master, and with the most devout spirits of every time."

Dr. Palmer was born in Little Compton, Rhode Island, November 12, 1808, of Pilgrim stock. He was licensed to preach in 1832, and in 1835 became pastor of a Congregational church in Bath, Maine, where he remained for fifteen years. In 1847 he spent some time in foreign travel. Soon after his return, in 1850, he became pastor of the First Congregational Church, in Albany, New York. He left this charge in 1866 to become Corresponding Secretary of the American Congregational Union, New York City, where he remained until 1878, when failing health compelled him to resign. His latter years were spent in literary and general pastoral work in and about Newark, New Jersey, where he died March 29, 1887.

He was an able preacher, a voluminous writer, and a graceful poet; and Mark Hopkins pronounced him one of the best-read men of his time in philos-

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

ophy and moral science. The hymn which made him famous, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," has had a wonderful history. Dr. Charles Ray Palmer, of New Haven, Connecticut, son of Dr. Palmer, writes: "Hardly a hymnal of the English-speaking people — except one or two recent extremely sectarian ones — is without it. It has been translated into Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chinese, several languages of the Turkish Empire, several of India, of Africa, and of the islands of the Pacific, and into some of those of modern Europe."

The following very interesting story is told in connection with one of these translations:

"Mrs. Layyah Barakat, a native of Syria, was educated in Beirut and then taught for a time in Egypt. Driven out in 1882 by the insurrection of Arabi Pasha, she, with her husband and child, came to America by way of

Malta and Marseilles. Her history is a strange illustration of God's providential care, as they were without any direction or friends in Philadelphia when they landed. But the Lord took them into His own keeping, and brought them to those who had known of her in Syria. While in this country she frequently addressed large audiences, to whom her deep earnestness and broken but piquant English proved unusually attractive. Among other incidents she related that she had been permitted to see the conversion of her whole family, who were Maronites of Mount Lebanon. Her mother, sixty-two years of age, had been taught 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee' in Arabic. They would sit on the house roof and repeat it together; and when the news came back to Syria that the daughter was safe in America, the mother could send her no better proof of her faith and love than in the beautiful words

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

of this hymn, assuring her that her faith still looked up to Christ."

In one of the letters published in the *Life of Henry Martyn*, that devoted missionary said that to him "the conversion of a Mahommedan to Christianity would be as great a miracle as any one ever recorded." A number of years ago Dr. Henry Jessup, writing from Syria, said, "Tell Dr. Palmer that as I write, I hear a hundred and twenty Mahommedan girls singing in their own language, 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee.'"

"All the hymns on your list," writes Dr. Sheldon Jackson, General Agent of Education in Alaska, "are choice ones, and have accomplished a great work in this and other lands in establishing and building up Christian character. For my own personal comfort, I have found that 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee' has given me the most of spiritual help and strength." Doubtless

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

this voices the sentiment of thousands of hearts which have been lifted up and made better by means of the splendid declaration of trust and confidence in God as expressed in the words of this immortal hymn.

“ ‘ My Faith Looks Up to Thee, ’ ” says the Rev. Albert B. Marshall, D.D., “ is my favourite among all hymns. It is, I am sure, the hymn which most accurately expresses the aspirations of many trusting hearts. I have frequently noticed how eagerly a company of worshippers will join in the singing if some one will begin.” And Dr. E. O. Sutherland bears the same testimony: “ I find, ” he says, “ ‘ My Faith Looks Up to Thee ’ one of the most useful hymns for impromptu singing in all kinds of prayer-meetings; especially, however, where there is sorrow or trouble.”

“ While spending a few days in the Grand Hotel Magenta, Paris, France, ”

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

writes the Rev. Curtis Edward Long, "I became quite ill, and being among strangers and in the solitude of my own room, I was much depressed in spirit. I sought comfort on my knees in prayer, and found myself repeating the second verse of 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee':

" "May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart."

My prayer was answered, I was restored in body and spirit, and on the following day took the train for Rome."

Evangelist C. T. Shaeffer relates this interesting incident: "Some years ago there came to this country a little clog dancer, widely known as Mike Riley, the champion of the world. Although educated only in his heels, yet he was able to command a large salary, but finally drink took possession of him and he became an outcast and a vagabond along the Bowery.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

“One cold winter’s night, homeless, hungry, and forsaken, he determined to end his miserable life in the river. On his way down, he passed the Bowery Mission. The door happened to stand open for a moment, and the light and cheer had their powerful appeal for the desolate little dancer. He was drawn inside, ‘just to get warm once more before ending it all in the river,’ he afterward said. ‘My Faith Looks Up to Thee’ was being sung by scores of redeemed men, and by others who were seeking salvation, and the words had their special message of hope for the wanderer. When the usual invitation was given, he went forward and surrendered himself to his Master. He immediately started out to win fallen men from their sin, and so continued heroically until his death.”

“On one occasion,” says Rev. Charles Eugene Dunn, “the senior class of Union Theological Seminary spent the

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

afternoon as the invited guests of Mr. John Crosby Brown, Orange Mountain, New Jersey. Dr. Palmer was also a guest, and while we stood in the parlor, a sudden inspiration moved us to sing his great hymn, 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee.' When we began, the president of our seminary, Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, advanced to Dr. Palmer, and the two stood, with arms interlocked, while this greatest of American hymns was being sung in the presence of its author. It meant but little to the outside world, perhaps, but to us it was a deeply affecting sight to see these two noble men — the great author and the great historian, both so soon to behold the Lamb of Calvary in His beauty — thus standing clasped in brotherly embrace."

Many will recall the thrilling experience of the passengers on the German steamship "Spree," in December, 1882. During a fearful storm the propeller

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

broke, knocking a large hole through her bottom and leaving her helpless. She was not only in danger of sinking, but she was also rapidly driven out of her course. The passengers were in a panic, and one leaped overboard to his death. Dwight L. Moody, who was on the vessel, inspired all with courage by his splendid composure and by his oft-repeated assurance that God would answer their prayers and bring them safely to land. He frequently said afterward, that nothing short of the direct interposition of Providence in answer to prayer saved the ship. "There never was," he said, "a more earnest prayer than that of those seven hundred souls on their helpless, almost sinking ship in mid-ocean on that Sunday, when we met in the saloon to implore God's help; and God answered us, as I knew He would. He sent the 'Lake Huron' to our rescue and made the storm a calm." "At this meeting,"

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

wrote General O. O. Howard, who was a fellow passenger with Moody, "we sang a number of hymns, among them being 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee.' The singing was led by a Catholic lady, who was returning to the United States from South America by way of England. We were a united band of God's children, praying for deliverance."

A war incident in connection with this hymn is worthy of being repeated: Some six or eight Christian officers of a New York regiment, whose time had expired, were eagerly expecting to be mustered out when the forward movement was ordered, which resulted in the battle of Fredericksburg. They spent the evening preceding the battle in serious talk which ended in hymn-singing and prayer. They believed that this would be their last night together; and they knew that it would be a source of joy and comfort to their loved ones at home to learn that their trust in God

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

faltered not, so they wrote on a sheet of paper the hymn "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," and signed their names at the bottom. The next evening found several of these brave young fellows lying cold and still beneath the stars. The prayer of each now silent voice:

"O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul,"

had been answered. One of the survivors told Dr. Palmer this beautiful story of devotion and faith.

Dr. Charles Ray Palmer gives us this pleasant personal glimpse of his father: "If I were to speak of him as he was in his later years, I should mention as eminently characteristic of him a thorough conscientiousness and honesty; and add, that he always seemed to have himself well in hand. He had a sensitive nature, but it was under control. He was a loyal friend and a generous opponent. Of guile, or of

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

enmity, he was wholly incapable. Firm and intelligent in his convictions, and having the courage and the skill to defend them, he was without a trace of bigotry or narrowness. He was judicious in counsel, and often a peacemaker. Rich and quick in his sympathies, he never let them lead him astray.

“Poetry was at first a spontaneous outcome of his highly susceptible nature — the overflow of abundant feeling; then something to which he turned aside from sterner pursuits for relief and recreation — half jealous lest it absorb too much of the time and strength that his vocation demanded; then, as a means of self-culture, and especially of spiritual self-culture; and, finally, a high and holy service to which he felt called of God and of his age.

“Nothing could have surprised him more than did the wide acceptance of ‘My Faith Looks Up to Thee,’ to him only the outcome in a still hour of a

surcharged heart. If the writing of it were a service to the Church, never was service more unwittingly rendered; if it were a work of art, never was art more unconscious. I consider it a beautiful illustration of the truth that, as a rule, the best work we do, we do without knowing it."

"My Faith Looks Up to Thee" was written when Dr. Palmer was twenty-two. In an appendix to his "Poetical Works," published in 1876, he has given this interesting description of his life at this period and of the origin of the hymn:

"Immediately after graduating at Yale College, in September, 1830, the writer went to the city of New York to spend a year in teaching in a select school for young ladies. This private institution, which was patronised by the best class of families, was under the direction of an excellent Christian lady connected with St. George's Church,

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

the rector of which was then the good Dr. James Milnor. It was in Fulton Street, west of Broadway, and a little below Church Street, on the south side of the way. That whole section of the city, now covered with immense stores and crowded with business, was then occupied by genteel residences. The writer resided in the family of the lady who kept the school, and it was there that the hymn was written.

“It had no external occasion whatever. Having been accustomed from childhood, through an inherited propensity perhaps, to the occasional expression of what his heart felt, in the form of verse, it was in accordance with this habit, and in an hour when Christ, in the riches of His grace and love, was so vividly apprehended as to fill the soul with deep emotion, that the lines were composed. There was not the slightest thought of writing for another eye, least of all writing a

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

hymn for Christian worship. Away from outward excitement, in the quiet of his chamber, and with a deep consciousness of his own needs, the writer transferred as faithfully as he could to paper what at the time was passing within him. Six stanzas were composed and imperfectly written, first on a loose sheet, and then accurately copied into a small morocco-covered book, which for such purposes the author was accustomed to carry in his pocket. This first complete copy is still [1875] preserved. It is well remembered that when writing the last line, 'A ransomed soul,' the thought that the whole work of redemption and salvation was involved in those words, and suggested the theme of eternal praises, moved the writer to a degree of emotion that brought abundant tears.

“A year or two after the hymn was written, and when no one, so far as can be recollected, had ever seen it,



“WITH A DEEP CONSCIOUSNESS OF HIS OWN NEEDS, HE TRANSFERRED TO PAPER, AS FAITHFULLY AS HE COULD, WHAT WAS PASSING WITHIN HIM.”—*Page 90.*



MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

Dr. Lowell Mason met the author in the street in Boston, and requested him to furnish some hymns for a *Hymn and Tune Book*, which, in connection with Dr. Hastings of New York, he was about to publish. The little book containing the hymn was shown him, and he asked for a copy. We stepped into a store together, and a copy was made and given to him, which, without much notice, he put in his pocket. On sitting down at home and looking it over, he became so much interested in it that he wrote for it the tune 'Olivet,' in which it has almost universally been sung. Two or three days afterward we met again in the street, when, scarcely waiting to salute the writer, he earnestly exclaimed: 'Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of 'My Faith Looks Up to Thee!''"

Dr. C. R. Palmer thus writes of his

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

father's closing hours: "His love for hymns grew upon him in his declining years. They became not only his psalms of adoration, but his songs of hope and gladness, his voices of sorrow and comfort, his petitions, his litanies, and his intercessions. They were the occupation of his latest hours. As I watched by his bedside when, through the paralysis of his throat, he was slowly starving to death, and mortal weakness was limiting more and more his consciousness of his environment, I discerned that they were still in his thoughts. Toward the very last I detected in his laborious effort at utterance, first the rhythm, and then a syllable or two — scarcely articulated — of a familiar stanza. It was one of his own:

“ ‘When death these mortal eyes shall seal
And still this throbbing heart;
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,
All glorious as Thou art!’

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

“After this he went on his way, and I heard him no more. But for us who are left behind, it is pleasant to think that, while joining in the praises of Heaven, he is not without his continued participation in the worship on earth. This is the abiding recompense of the hymn-writer.”



V

SUN OF MY SOUL



Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Has spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep tonight,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.



SUN OF MY SOUL



PERHAPS to few men, if any, could Fitz-Greene Halleck's tender lines on the death of Joseph Rodman Drake,

“None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise,”

be more truthfully applied than to “dear John Keble,” as his friends and intimate associates loved to call him, the author of that most exquisite of evening hymns, “Sun of My Soul.”

“I suppose,” wrote a friend, “that no one has died in England within our time who has been so dearly beloved, and whose memory will be held in such tender reverence. What I think remarkable was not how many people loved him, or how much they loved him, but that everybody seemed to love him with the very best love of which

they were capable. It was like loving goodness itself; you felt that what was good in him was bringing into life all that was best in you."

Another friend declared that "there is something of the mellow brightness of a summer Sunday about his life and work"; and although he obtained the highest honours of his university, it is far more to his credit to be informed that "he was more remarkable for his rare beauty of character than even for his academic distinctions." An old schoolmate, looking back through the misty distance of more than a half century, wrote: "It was the singular happiness of his nature, even in his undergraduate days, that love for him was always sanctified by reverence — reverence that did not make the love less tender, and love that did but add to the intensity of the reverence."

He was passionately fond of children, the more so, perhaps, because of

SUN OF MY SOUL

the great heart-hunger occasioned by having none of his own. He once said to a number of little scholars who had been singing for him: "My dear children, you sang most beautifully in tune. May your whole lives be equally in tune, and then you will sing with the angels in Heaven."

John Keble was born in Fairford, England, April 25, 1792. His father, a clergyman of the Church of England, is described as being "a sweet-natured man and a fine classical scholar, who took charge of his son's education; and so successfully, that at fifteen he was admitted to Corpus Christi College, Oxford." He was a brilliant student, and was graduated in 1810 with double first-class honours, a distinction which up to that time had been gained alone by Sir Robert Peel.

In 1816, at the age of twenty-four, he was ordained to the ministry, and had charge of two small hamlets near

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Fairford. From 1818 to 1823 he was a tutor in Oxford. He then resumed the ministerial duties of his former parishes, although the remuneration was only about one hundred pounds. The following year he was offered an appointment as archdeacon, which carried with it a salary of two thousand pounds, but this he declined. In 1826 he became his father's curate, and in 1831 accepted the professorship of poetry in Oxford.

He was an attractive preacher. "I recollect," says one, "what music there was in the simple earnestness and sweet gravity with which he spoke." "He was eminently winning," wrote Dr. Pusey; "he let himself down to the most uneducated in his audience. He seemed always to count himself as one of the sinners, one of the penitents." John Henry Newman, afterward Cardinal Newman, who was a very dear friend of Keble, says: "On one occa-

sion he preached a sermon in the University which made a great impression. Froude and I left St. Mary's so much touched by it that we did not speak to each other all the way down to Oriel."

It was while Keble was filling the chair of poetry in Oxford that he entered upon a movement which was destined to be far-reaching in its influence upon his own and subsequent times. Cardinal Newman writes: "On Sunday, July 14, 1833, Mr. Keble preached the assise sermon in the University. It was published under the title of 'National Apostasy.' I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833." One of the chief objects of this movement, the "Oxford Movement," as it is frequently called, was to raise to a higher standard the spiritual condition of the Church of England; and one of the results was, that John Henry Newman, a leader with

Keble and Pusey in the movement, left the Episcopal Church, after a long struggle for light, and united with the Roman Catholic Church, in which Church he afterward became a Cardinal. This action of Newman was to his friend Keble and others a source of lifelong sorrow.

In 1835 Keble's father died, in the ninetieth year of his age, and his son succeeded him as vicar of Hursley, which position he held for thirty years, and in which he died in 1866, in his seventy-fourth year. His wife, whom he married shortly after his father's death, and to whom he was devotedly attached, lived less than two months longer.

It is, however, through his famous collection of poems, *The Christian Year*, that Keble is best known and will be longest remembered. These poems were written between 1819 and 1827. The early attempts were in-

tended for his own church people to use on red-letter days in the Church calendar, but the scope of the work was afterward enlarged so as to complete the entire calendar, thus making it a poetical summary of the Christian year, and a companion to the *Book of Common Prayer*.

He himself placed but little value on his poems, and it was only at the repeated solicitations of his father and friends that he finally permitted them to be published, anonymously, in 1827. They at once leaped into almost phenomenal popularity. "It was," wrote Cardinal Newman, "the most soothing, tranquilising, subduing work of the day; if poems can be found to enliven in dejection and to comfort in anxiety, to cool the over-sanguine and to refresh the weary, to awe the worldly, to instil resignation into the impatient, and calmness into the fearful and agitated, they are these."

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

The work has become a Christian classic. Archdeacon Prescott writes: "I myself know of no body of uninspired poetry where purity and power, where knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and knowledge of the human heart, where the love of nature and the love of Christ are so wonderfully combined." While Canon Barry says, "It is a book which leads the soul up to God"; and Dr. Arnold declares, "Nothing equal to the poems exists in our language."

John Mason Neale, a man to whom English hymnology owes much because of his matchless translations of the early Latin and Greek hymns into English, was a close friend of Keble. One day Keble, whom he was visiting, had to leave the room for a time, and when he returned, Neale said, "Why, Keble, I thought you always told me that *The Christian Year* was original." "Yes," he said, "it certainly is." "Then

SUN OF MY SOUL

how comes this?" and Neale placed before him the Latin of one of Keble's poems. Keble was amazed, but protested that he had never seen it before. After enjoying his friend's evident discomfiture for a moment, Dr. Neale informed him that it was one of his own and that he had made the Latin translation during his absence.

Before Keble's death, ninety-five editions of the book had been sold; and this number had increased to one hundred and nine editions the year after his death. Between the time of publication, in 1827, and 1873, three hundred and five thousand copies of the book had been printed, and the number is now above a half million. Nothing, perhaps, could better illustrate its wide circulation than to state that on one occasion four strangers met on Mt. Sinai, and it was discovered that three of them were in possession of *The Christian Year*.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

It was from the proceeds of the sale of the book that the author largely rebuilt his parish church.

It was in the second poem printed in *The Christian Year* that Keble's famous evening hymn, "Sun of My Soul," first appeared — a hymn which voices the sentiments and the prayers of countless Christian hearts as the twilight fades into night and they yield themselves to sleep and helplessness.

In a wild night a gallant ship went to her doom. A few women and children were placed in a boat, without oars or sails, and drifted away at the mercy of the waves. Earlier in the evening, before the darkness had quite settled down, brave men on the shore had seen the peril of the vessel and had put out in the face of the tempest, hoping to save human life, but even the ship could not be found. After fruitless search, they were about returning to the shore, when out on the water, and above the

SUN OF MY SOUL

wail of the storm, they heard a woman's clear voice singing:

“Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if Thou be near.”

The work of rescue was quickly accomplished. But for the singing, in all probability, this boat-load of lives would have drifted beyond human help or been dashed to pieces before morning.

Chaplain Wright, after an experience of twenty years in the United States Navy, declares that he finds no hymn with a more permanent hold on the affection of marines and sailors than “Sun of My Soul.”

The Cree Indians of the Northwest Territory sing this hymn in their own language and prize it very highly. “In 1886, a deputation of that portion of the tribe under the instruction of the Presbyterian Church waited upon one of the Synods to press their claims. There were no orators in the delegation,

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

but there were some good voices that sweetly melted into the tender melody of Keble's 'Sun of My Soul'; and the hymn, though sung in the language of the Crees, made a deeper impression upon the Synod than any other words they could use."

A visitor once asked Alfred Tennyson what his thoughts were of Christ. They were walking in a garden, and, for a moment, the great poet was silent, then, bending over some beautiful flowers, he said: "What the sun is to these flowers Jesus Christ is to my soul. He is the sun of my soul." Consciously or unconsciously he was expressing the same thought in the same language used by good John Keble years before when he gave to the world his great heart hymn, "Sun of My Soul."

Much of the usefulness of a hymn is lost because many persons fail to study its words carefully and make its senti-

SUN OF MY SOUL

ments voice their own deeper feelings and spiritual aspirations. "Sun of My Soul" is one of the finest examples in our language of what a true prayer hymn should be. Beginning with a beautiful acknowledgment of what God is to us, there follows an earnest supplication that debasing thoughts may be driven away, that "no earth-born cloud" may arise to hide us from our Saviour; indeed, the first three stanzas are devoted to an earnest plea for the right relation of our own hearts to God. From that point it is easy and natural to think of and pray for others. How inclusive are the next two stanzas!—the wanderer, the sick, the poor, the mourner, are all sympathetically remembered; and then follow the tender and comforting appeal for divine guidance throughout our earthly life and the exquisitely expressed belief in an eternity of joy with which the hymn ends:

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

“ Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.”

Keble himself admirably illustrated in his own life the trustful spirit he so perfectly portrays in his hymn; he let no cares make him over-anxious. He enjoyed at all times the blessed privilege of being able to sleep soundly — “ Because he had no feeling,” he would laughingly explain; but his wife, with intimate knowledge of his fine spiritual trustfulness, said: “ He lays aside his anxieties with his prayers. He does the best he can, the issue is with God, with whom he is content to leave it, therefore he sleeps like a little child.”

When the sun slips down the western sky and twilight deepens and darkens into night, out on the vast stretches of water, in lonely forest cabins, on far-reaching prairies, in stately churches, on rugged mountain slopes, in crowded



“AND IN QUIET COUNTRY PLACES, WE TURN INSTINCTIVELY
TO THE ONE HYMN THAT FITS INTO OUR MOOD
AND NEED.”—Page 113.



SUN OF MY SOUL

cities, and in quiet country places, — indeed, wherever Christians are found, human hearts grow tender with a nameless longing which often demands expression in words, and instinctively they turn to the one hymn that fits most perfectly into their mood and need; they feel God's presence and something of "the peace that passeth understanding," as they sing:

"Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night, if Thou be near."



VI

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

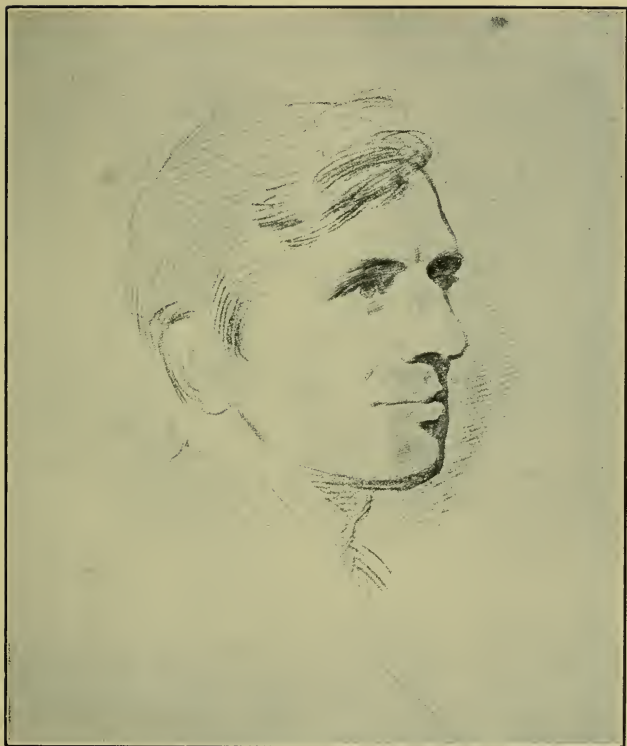


Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead Thou me on :
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not eber thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I lobed to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I lobed the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have lobed long since, and lost awhile.





JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, AUTHOR OF "LEAD, KINDLY
LIGHT."



LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT



EZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, an authority on hymnology, pronounces this to be “the sweetest and most trustful of modern hymns”; while Colonel Nicholas Smith says, “Christians of all denominations and of every grade of culture feel its charm and find in it ‘a language for some of the deepest yearnings of the soul.’ The hymn-books do not contain a more exquisite lyric. As a prayer for a troubled soul for guidance, it ranks with the most deservedly famous church songs in the English language.”

Its distinguished author, John Henry Newman, was born February 21, 1801, the son of a London banker, and seventy-eight years later became a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church. At the early age of nineteen he was

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, and became a tutor in Oriel College. He was ordained in 1824, and in 1828 was made vicar of St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church, Oxford.

He was a popular, forceful preacher, with fluent speech, perfect diction, and a splendid fund of illustration which he always used with telling effect. He was deeply interested in the heart-life of men, and was ever ready to encourage them to speak to him freely of their experiences and temptations. He exercised a strong influence over the students who thronged his church.

In December, 1832, because of impaired health, he went with friends to southern Europe. The spiritual unrest, kindled by the "Oxford Movement," which finally led him to unite with the Roman Catholic Church, in 1845, was already upon him; he sought eagerly and conscientiously for divine guidance in solving the great doctrinal problems

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

that vexed his soul. It was during this period of inner disquietude and of anxious thought for the future of the Established Church, of which he was still a member, that his noble hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," had birth — a hymn which has voiced the heart-felt prayers of thousands for spiritual guidance.

In the minds of many there is intimate association of thought between Newman's supplication:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on!"

and another intensely human heart-cry for direction and companionship in the hour of need — Henry Francis Lyte's

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me
abide."

It is interesting to know that both of these hymns were composed on the

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

sacred day of rest: Newman's, on Sunday, June 16, 1833; and Lyte's, on Sunday, September 5, 1847.

Newman has left us this very entertaining description of the circumstances under which his hymn was written:

“ I went to the various coasts of the Mediterranean; parted with my friends at Rome; went down for the second time to Sicily, without companion, at the end of April. I struck into the middle of the Island, and fell ill of a fever at Leonforte. My servant thought I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them, as he wished, but I said, ‘ I shall not die.’ I repeated ‘ I shall not die, for I have not sinned against the Light; I have not sinned against the Light.’ I have never been able quite to make out what I meant.

“ I got to Castro-Giovanni, and was laid up there for nearly three weeks. Toward the end of May I left for



“THEN IT WAS THAT I WROTE THE LINES, ‘LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.’”—Page 123.



LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Palermo, taking three days for the journey. Before starting from my inn, on the morning of May 26 or 27, I sat down on my bed and began to sob violently. My servant, who had acted as my nurse, asked what ailed me. I could only answer him, 'I have a work to do in England.'

“I was aching to get home; yet, for want of a vessel, I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. I began to visit the churches, and they calmed my impatience, though I did not attend any of the services. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles. Then it was that I wrote the lines, 'Lead, Kindly Light.' We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio. I was writing the whole of my passage.” Elsewhere he informs us that the exact date on which the hymn was written was June 16.

It is pleasant to think that this much-loved hymn, the fervent prayer of a

doubt-tossed soul, was written in one of the majestic calms that sometimes lull to sleep the sunny waters of the Mediterranean; and that it caught some of its delicious fragrance from the perfume that was wafted over the waters from the golden cargo with which the vessel was freighted. It would require but little imagination to picture the scene: the clumsy boat, the idly-hanging sails, the listless, swarthy crew, the brilliant young minister emaciated by mental and physical suffering, the solemn sea, and over all the matchless Italian sky and the tender twilight calm. Fit hour and surroundings for such a hymn to have its being.

In striking contrast, the music to which the words are inseparably wedded, was composed by Dr. John B. Dykes as he walked through the Strand, one of the busiest thoroughfares of London. It may be that the tumultuous street was typical of the wild unrest in New-

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

man's heart when he began his hymn; if so, surely the quiet waters of the Mediterranean on that holy Sabbath evening might well represent his spiritual calm when it was ended — even though subsequent controversial storms were destined to beat fiercely upon his soul.

In this connection it may prove interesting to read the following from the *Random Recollections* of the Rev. George Huntington:

“I had been paying Cardinal Newman a visit. For some reason I happened to mention his well-known hymn, ‘Lead, Kindly Light,’ which he said he wrote when a very young man. I ventured to say, ‘It must be a great pleasure to you to know that you have written a hymn treasured wherever English-speaking Christians are to be found; and where are they not to be found?’ He was silent for some moments, and then said with emotion, ‘Yes, deeply

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

thankful, and more than thankful!’ Then, after another pause, ‘But, you see, it is not the hymn, but the *tune*, that has gained the popularity! The tune is by Dykes, and Dr. Dykes was a great master.’ ”

Perhaps nothing more fully illustrates the general acceptability of this beautiful hymn than the fact that “when the Parliament of Religion met in Chicago during the Columbian Exposition, the representatives of almost every creed known to man found two things on which they were agreed: They could all join in the Lord’s Prayer, and all could sing ‘Lead, Kindly Light.’ ”

When some one, a few years ago, asked William E. Gladstone to give the names of the hymns of which he was most fond, he replied that he was not quite sure that he had any favourites; and then, after a moment’s thought, he said: “Lead, Kindly Light,” and “Rock of Ages.”

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

“I know no song, ancient or modern,” writes the Rev. L. A. Banks, D.D., “that with such combined tenderness, pathos, and faith, tells the story of the Christian pilgrim who walks by faith and not by sight. No doubt it is this fidelity to heart experience, common to us all, that makes the hymn such a universal favourite. There are dark nights, and homesick hours, and becalmed seas for each of us, in which it is natural for man to cry out in Newman’s words:

“‘The night is dark, and I am far from
home,
Lead Thou me on.’”

The Rev. James B. Ely, D.D., writes as follows: “It is my desire to relate one interesting incident in connection with ‘Lead, Kindly Light.’ This hymn was sung in the Lemon Hill Pavilion, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, on a recent Sabbath morning, at a time when

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

the very atmosphere, the beautiful trees and the glowing sun seemed to emphasise and make very real the sentiments expressed. A young man in the audience, who was a Christian, but greatly burdened with many anxieties, felt while this hymn was being sung and the music repeated by the cornet, that God was preparing him for some special trial through which he must pass. During the day and all through the week the melody and the words haunted him; and there was also a growing feeling in his heart that he ought to go to his old home and visit his mother. Finally, on Friday noon, he determined that he would start that very evening, and made his plans to do so. Just before leaving his place of business, a telegram came informing him of his mother's sudden death. While the news was a great shock to him, yet the singing of the hymn and its constant reiteration in his thoughts during the week had,

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

in a measure, prepared him for his sore bereavement. The hymn has since become one of his most sacred possessions. I have written regarding this unusual incident because the experience is so fresh in my mind and so real. I may add that this hymn has again and again been sung by large audiences, and always with telling spiritual effect."

Many will recall that this hymn was a special favourite of the late President McKinley, and that it was sung far and wide in the churches on the first anniversary of his death and burial.

The last stanza of the hymn rings out with a grand declaration of triumphant, child-like faith and assurance:

“ So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it
still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.”

There has been some controversy as to the author's meaning in the last two lines. Nearly a half century after they were written some one asked the Cardinal to give an explanation, and in a letter dated January 18, 1879, he thus wisely replied:

“ You flatter me by your question; but I think it was Keble who, when asked it in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written; and though I am not, like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to remember my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years. Anyhow, there must be a statute of limitation for writers of verse, or it would be quite tyranny if, in an art which is the expression, not of truth, but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when home-

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

sick, or seasick, or in any other way sensitive or excited.”

Cardinal Newman died August 11, 1890, fifty-seven years after his hymn had made his name immortal.

In addition to the quotations from Hezekiah Butterworth and Colonel Nicholas Smith, with which the study of this hymn begins, it will doubtless prove interesting to read what other men of prominence have said in this connection:

“This much-loved hymn.” — Dr. Louis F. Benson, author of “Studies of Familiar Hymns.”

“Its sincerity of feeling and purity of expression have made it universally acceptable.” — Samuel Willoughby Duffield, author of “English Hymns.”

“This is truer to the life of thoughtful men than almost any other hymn, but it is so subjective and personal that it is more for the closet than for the Church. It is the favourite hymn of our students.” — The President of a prominent University.

“It can scarcely be called either a great

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

poem or a great hymn, and certainly it is not a lyric. Yet it has certain striking passages, and appeals to those who for any reason are beset by darkness." — Rev. David R. Breed, D.D., author of "The History and Use of Hymns and Hymn-Tunes."

"The beautiful hymn, 'Lead, Kindly Light,' is of value to the Church for its poetry and its pathos. For times of depression and darkness come to nearly all of us, and this is just the cry which the heart bowed down would use at such times of anxious and sacred communion." — Rev. G. L. Stevens, editor of "Hymns and Carols."

"The most stirring thing I know is that struggling cry of the wanderer for light, 'For I am far from home.' The writer's personality adds pathos to his tender song. Out of this song, appropriated by a struggling soul to himself, one is prepared for the sublime and recovering thought in the dream of the wanderer, 'with sun gone down,' and the way appearing 'steps up to heaven.'" — Rev. William V. Milligan, D.D., Cambridge, Ohio.

VII
ROCK OF AGES

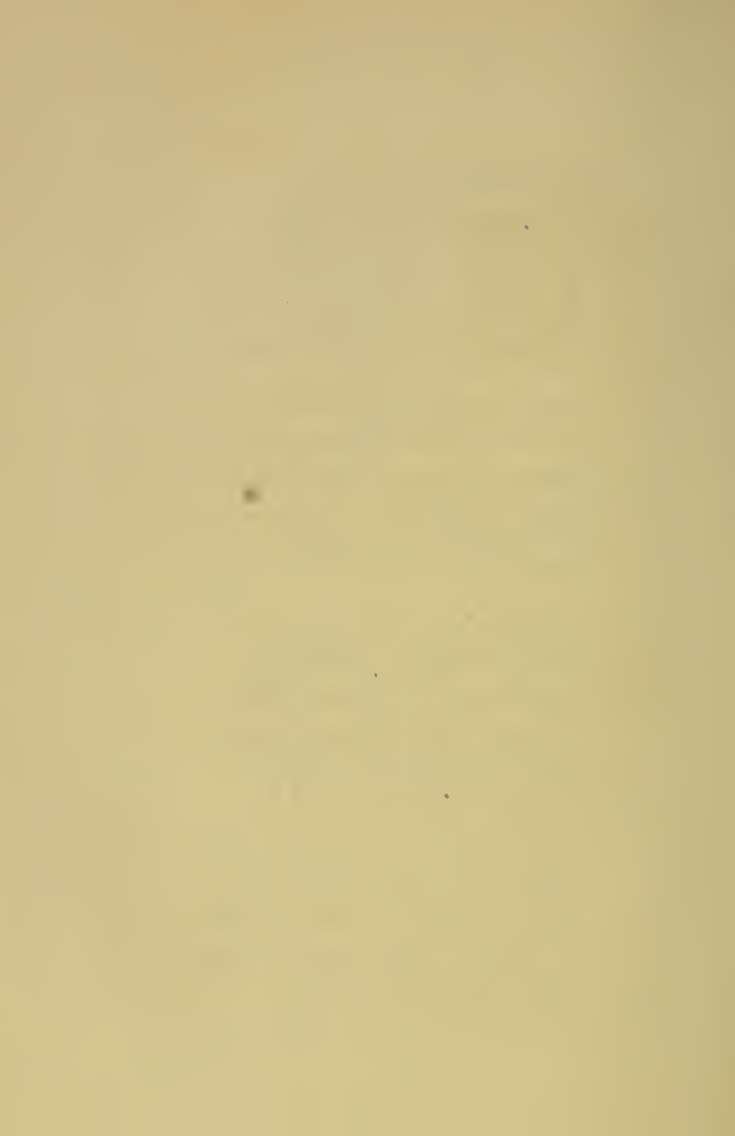


Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.



ROCK OF AGES



EVONSHIRE, the beautiful, has inspired at least three hymns that will always be treasured by spiritually minded people: "Just As I Am," by Charlotte Elliott; "Abide with Me," by Henry Francis Lyte; and "Rock of Ages," by Augustus Montague Toplady. The last of these Dr. Charles S. Robinson declares to be "the supreme hymn of the language"; and Colonel Nicholas Smith says, "No other hymn has swept the chords of the human heart with a more hallowed touch."

In August, 1756, in a barn in a rural district of Ireland, an English youth of sixteen, who had been carefully reared by a widowed and cultured mother, listened with rapt attention to an impassioned sermon from the text, "But now

in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." — *Ephesians 2 : 13*. The speaker was James Morris, an illiterate layman, a disciple of the Wesleys; the boy was the future author of "Rock of Ages."

Toplady writes as follows of this incident in his career: "Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought nigh unto God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people, met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name. Surely, it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous. The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of man."

In thus blessing the work of Mr. Morris by the conversion of the gifted boy we have an admirable illustration of how the Master can use the humblest of men in the salvation of others.

ROCK OF AGES

Shortly after, Toplady became a student in Trinity College, Dublin, from which institution he was in due course graduated. At the age of twenty-two he was made a priest, and became curate of Farleigh, and in 1768 he was appointed to Broad Hembury, in Devonshire. Here the first signs of the dread disease, consumption, manifested themselves. In 1775 he went to London, hoping that a drier atmosphere would prove beneficial, and while there he preached for a time in a French Calvinistic church; but his health continued to fail, and he died on the 11th of August, 1778, at the age of thirty-eight. He had lived long enough, however, to give to the world one of its most highly treasured heart-songs.

When "Rock of Ages" was written is not known, but we may be sure that it was nothing less than the voice of the Almighty that inspired the author to write words of such soul-stirring

power. The hymn first appeared, in an unfinished form, in the *Gospel Magazine* of October, 1775, and more fully the succeeding year in the March number of the same periodical.

The Rev. William Reeside Kirkwood, D.D., LL.D., writes:

“This hymn has been very dear to me from my childhood. It was a great help to me in the days when I sought rest and found none, while seeking pardon for sin. It, like Wesley’s ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul,’ is a very direct and personal appeal to God, but it has a statelier flow. It recognises the chasm and the cause of it — not so much in words as by implication. It is personal, but it notes the Rock of Eternity, and the Cleft in the Rock. It suggests Moses at Sinai. It does not lose sight of the Law, the Lightning, the Judgment; yet, when its spirit is apprehended and entered into, how secure one feels! For it is not merely the loving

ROCK OF AGES

man Jesus who appears alone, but 'Jesus, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,' so that seeing Him we see the Father, and realise the whole glory of the present Godhead as our security. At least, this is the way it appeals to me.

" In this connection let me tell you of a version I had in my boyhood of the circumstances under which these two hymns were written. I have never seen it in print. It was told me by a man many years my senior, and a close and careful student: Wesley and Toplady met under circumstances which led to heated theological and doctrinal controversy; and, of course, the debate was on one or more of the 'Five Points.' They argued until after midnight, but neither could convince the other. They separated, each filled with spiritual exaltation. Full of joy and comfort from his view, Wesley wrote 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' before he slept. In like

manner, Toplady, exultant in his view, wrote 'Rock of Ages' before he sought rest. Thus out of hours of spirited controversy on the 'Five Points' grew two of the noblest hymns of our language."

Mr. W. T. Stead makes the following interesting reference to this theological controversy: "Toplady was a sad polemist whose orthodox soul was outraged by the Arminianism of the Wesleys, and he put much of his time and energy into the composition of controversial pamphlets, on which the good man prided himself not a little. The dust lies thick upon these his works, nor is it likely to be disturbed now or in the future. But in a pause in the fray, just by way of filling up an interval in the firing of the polemical broadsides, Toplady thought he saw a way of launching an airy dart at a joint in Wesley's armour; so, without much ado, and without any knowledge that it was by this



DR. J. H. MURPHY 1905

“IN LIKE MANNER, TOPLADY, EXULTANT IN HIS VIEW, WROTE ‘ROCK OF AGES’
BEFORE HE SOUGHT REST.”—Page 142.



ROCK OF AGES

alone he was to render permanent service to mankind, he sent off to the *Gospel Magazine* the hymn 'Rock of Ages.' When it appeared, he had, no doubt, considerable complacency in reflecting how he had winged his opponent for his insolent doctrine of entire sanctification, and it is probable that before he died — for he only survived its publication by two years — he had still no conception of the relative importance of his own work. But to-day the world knows Toplady only as the writer of these four verses. All else that he laboured over it has forgotten; and, indeed, does well to forget."

The Rev. Edward Milton Page, D.D., says: "'Rock of Ages' was taught me by my mother when a child upon her knee. It is the first hymn or song of any kind my heart ever knew or my lips ever tried to lisp. My Christian life began with 'Rock of Ages,' and may it end in being hid in Him."

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

An English friend has kindly furnished the following interesting incident: "Many years ago, during a heated discussion in the House of Commons, an opponent of William E. Gladstone was attacking him with words of unusual severity, and he was observed to be writing diligently, apparently framing a reply. A friend, seated near him, was curious to learn how it was that his leader so successfully preserved his calm repose under such a torrent of invective. Looking over Mr. Gladstone's shoulder, he found him busily engaged in translating into Latin 'Rock of Ages,' his favourite hymn. Fortunately, this translation has been preserved.

*" " Iesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra tuum latus,
Tu per lympham profluentem,
Tu per sanguinem tepentem,
In peccata mi redunda,
Tolle culpam, sordes munda.*

ROCK OF AGES

“ *Coram te nec iustus forem,
Quamvis tota vi laborem,
Nec si fide nunquam cesso,
Fletu stillans indefesso;
Tibi soli tantum munus;
Salva me, Salvator unus!* ”

“ *Nil in manu mecum fero,
Sed me versus crucem gero;
Vestimenta nudus oro,
Opem debilis imploro;
Fontem Christi quæro immundus,
Nisi laves, moribundus.* ”

“ *Dum hos artus vita regit;
Quando nox sepulchro tegit;
Mortuos cum stare iubes,
Sedens index inter nubes;
Iesus, pro me perforatus,
Condar intra tuum latus.’ ”*

Gladstone also translated this hymn into Greek and Italian. At the end of a noble life, which had been devoted to the best interests of his fellowmen, he had this hymn sung to him, and found his most comforting hope in the lines:

“ Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

All who attempt to translate this beautiful hymn into other languages are not so happy in their effort as was Mr. Gladstone. A missionary in India writes that he employed a Hindoo scholar to assist him in translating "Rock of Ages" into the vernacular. His surprise may be imagined when he read, as the result of the effort of the learned Oriental, the first two lines:

"Very old stone, split for my benefit,
Let me get under one of your fragments."

This hymn was a favourite with Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, and when he lay dying in Windsor Castle in 1861, almost his last words were: "I have had wealth, power, and fame, but if these were all that I had had, what would I have now?" And then he was heard repeating softly and reverently,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

ROCK OF AGES

When the steamship "London" went to her doom in the Bay of Biscay in 1866, the last sounds borne over the waters to those who succeeded in making their escape were not wails of despair, but the brave, hopeful prayer voiced in the words of this immortal hymn.

Dr. S. S. Pomeroy states that in an Armenian church in Constantinople he was deeply moved by hearing a Turkish translation of this hymn sung, and by seeing many of the worshippers singing with eyes filled with tears.

An incident somewhat similar is related of the celebration of the golden jubilee of Queen Victoria, when representatives from every land came to congratulate her on her long and prosperous reign. Among these was a native of Madagascar. After conveying his good wishes to the Queen, he suggested that, if agreeable, he would like to sing to her. Naturally, it was expected that

he would sing one of his native songs, but, to the surprise of all, he sang "Rock of Ages." The Rev. Duncan Morrison, of Owen Sound, Canada, who was present, writes:

"There was profound and awkward silence which was difficult to break, for many were affected to tears in seeing the coming back of seed sown on the waters in missionary faith and zeal. All were taken by surprise, little expecting to hear from the lips of the Hova on this grand occasion the sweetest of all the songs of Zion. The venerable man took delight in telling his hearers that this one song had been very close to his heart and had enabled him to while away many a weary hour in his pilgrimage through life."

General J. E. B. Stuart, the famous Confederate cavalry leader, received a mortal wound at Yellow Tavern, Virginia, and died in a hospital in Richmond on the 12th of May, 1864, at

ROCK OF AGES

the age of thirty-one. When his old minister, to whom he was devotedly attached, came to see him, he requested that "Rock of Ages" be sung. The young General joined in the hymn, but soon his voice faltered and failed. "I feel," he whispered, "that I am going fast. I am ready. God's will be done." And with the words of the precious hymn still ringing in his ears, he passed on to join the heavenly company who have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The following incident admirably illustrates the spirit of the hymn: "The noble old song has had a new meaning to me since an experience a friend and I had one summer evening going from Grand Portage, Lake Superior, to Isle Royal, twenty miles out in the lake. We started with a fair breeze, and our two boatmen assured us that we would have a short and pleasant run to the

island. But when about half way over, the wind failed; and calm, like the peace of God, was in the air and on the lake. Evening was coming on, and the only thing to do was to take the oars, if we did not wish to spend the night on the water. But it was slow work, even for the four of us, to row that heavy sailboat. The sun went down, leaving a great glory of red and gold on lake and sky that presently faded away, and darkness came on. Far away to the northeast a light gleamed in the darkness like a star; it was the light at Thunder Bay.

“The boatmen began to worry. ‘We are right in the track of the big boats to and from Port Arthur,’ they said, ‘and we have no lights and may be run down at any time.’ Here was cause to be anxious, indeed. Presently, one of the men said, ‘If we can only get inside the Rock of Ages, we’ll be all right.’

ROCK OF AGES

“ ‘Rock of Ages?’ my friend and I both asked; ‘what is it and where is it?’

“ ‘It is a big rock three miles west of Washington Harbour, on the island. The big boats all keep outside of it.’

“ We were silent for a time, the only sound being the noise of the oars in the rowlocks and in the water. And then my friend began to sing softly:

“ ‘Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.’

“ Suddenly one of the men said: ‘There it is; we’re all right now!’ By looking closely, I could make out in the darkness, on the right, a darker spot. The boatmen said it was the rock, and that we were now safe.

“ ‘What is that verse,’ said my friend, ‘in Isaiah about the Rock of Ages? Trust ye in Jehovah forever: for in Jehovah, even Jehovah, is a Rock of Ages. We have had a fine illustra-

tion of that text. Outside that rock yonder we were in constant danger; in here, we are in perfect safety, and getting nearer the harbour every moment. So we are safe or unsafe as we trust or distrust our Rock of Ages.' ”

The Rev. Edwin M. Rice, D.D., Editor of the American Sunday-school Union, has this interesting statement to make concerning the school attended by Toplady: “Several of the hymn-writers of the widest fame and popularity in the past century or two have been educated at one institution — the Westminster School, England, chiefly St. Peter’s College, Westminster. That sweet singer, George Herbert, entered the school as a ‘King’s scholar’ in 1604. The famous author of ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul,’ Charles Wesley, entered the school in 1721, as a ‘Town boy,’ and became captain of the school in 1725. The author of ‘Rock of Ages,’ A. M. Toplady, was a scholar there in 1756.

ROCK OF AGES

John Austin, who in his youth wrote 'Hark, My Soul,' was in the same school in 1640. The great poet laureate, John Dryden, carved his name on a form there when a lad, the name and form being still carefully preserved. But the more durable impression was made when he wrote, 'Creator, Spirit By Whose Aid.' The author of 'God moves in a mysterious way,' William Cowper, was also a student here. Baptist W. Noel, Joseph Anstice, G. E. Cotton, Gerald Phillimore, William Waterfield, and others, who have made helpful contributions to hymnology, have attended this school; indeed, so many writers of hymns have attended St. Peter's College that it has been called a 'School of Hymn-writers,' and it well deserves the name."



VIII

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS
OUR GOD



A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing ;
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prebailing :
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe ;
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing ;
Were not the right Man on our side,
The Man of God's own choosing ;
Dost ask who that may be ?
Christ Jesus, it is He !
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same ;
And He must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us ;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us ;
The prince of darkness grim, —
We tremble not for him ;
His rage we can endure,
For lo ! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

That word abobe all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth ;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours,
Through Him who with us sideth ;
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also ;
The body they may kill :
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is foreber.

'A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD



HE world knows Martin Luther as a reformer; comparatively few know him as a musician and hymnologist.

Destined to give to the German people, in their own tongue, the Bible, the Catechism, and the hymn-book, he was born of peasant parents in Eisleben, at the foot of the Hartz Mountains, Saxony, November 10, 1483, and died in the same town February 18, 1546, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was possessed of a sweet voice of much compass and power, and in his youth followed, through necessity, a well-known German custom of singing songs and carols from door to door. "I used to beg," he writes, "with my companions, for a little food, that we might have the means of providing for

our wants. At the time the Church celebrates the festival of Christ's nativity, we went wandering through the neighbouring villages, going from house to house, and singing, in four parts, the carols of the infant Jesus."

He was a lover of birds and flowers, and was passionately fond of music, folklore, and song. He was fortunate enough to become a member of the church choir and thereby gained tuition in music free. Years afterward, he wrote: "I place music next to theology. I can see why David and all the saints put their diviner thoughts in song."

A woman of some means, hearing him sing, gave him a home and finally made it possible for him, in 1501, to enter the University of Erfurt, where he excelled in Latin, eloquence, and poetry. At the age of twenty-two he was made doctor of philosophy, much to the gratification of his fellow stu-

dents, who celebrated the event by a great torchlight procession.

He became an Augustinian monk in 1505, and a priest in 1507. The following year he was appointed a professor in the University of Wittenberg. He was a preacher of rare power and eloquence, and many were attracted to him. He became deeply interested in congregational singing. "I wish," he said, "after the example of the prophets and the ancient fathers of the Church, to compose German Psalms for the people. I mean sacred hymns, so that the Word of God may dwell among the people also by means of song." Of the hymns that then existed, nearly all were in Latin. Some of these he translated and altered. He also wrote original ones.

Philip Schaff says: "The Psalter was the first and for many centuries the only hymn-book of the Church. It is the most fruitful source of Christian

hymnology." As is well known, the 46th Psalm furnished Luther with the keynote of his matchless hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." He published his first hymn-book in 1524. It contained but eight compositions, four of which were his own. From this humble source have flowed the thousands of song books which since have been published throughout the world. Within twenty years after the first edition was issued, at least one hundred and seventeen collections by him and his associates had been printed.

One writes: "Luther was what to-day would be described as a profound connoisseur in music, and at the same time a practical musician. To his natural musical gifts, and these were of a rich order, we must add an erudite and philosophical culture, an extensive knowledge of men and things, and above all a large heart and the inventive perception of a genius. It was this

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

universal knowledge that enabled Luther to enter into the high mission of art more thoroughly than the average musician.”

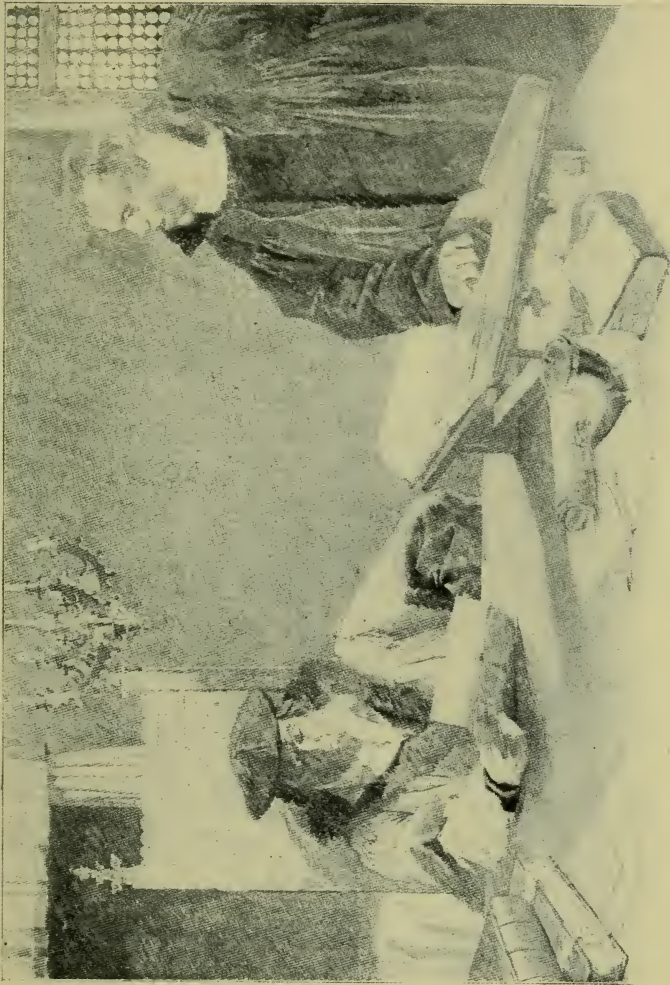
Heinrich Heine says: “Not less remarkable, not less significant than his prose writings, are Luther’s poems, those stirring songs which escaped from him in the very midst of his combats and his necessities, like a flower making its way from between rough stones, or a sunbeam gleaming mid dark clouds.” While Samuel Taylor Coleridge writes: “In Germany the hymns are known by heart by every peasant; they advise, they argue from the hymns, and every soul in the Church praises God like a Christian, with words which are natural and yet sacred to his mind.”

Along the same line, Cardinal Thomas-a-Jesu wrote in the sixteenth century: “The interests of Luther are furthered, in an extraordinary degree, by the singing of his hymns by people

of every class, not only in the schools and churches, but in dwellings and shops, in markets, streets and fields."

As an illustration of the wonderful power of Luther's hymns over the German mind, a writer gives this incident in connection with the city of Hanover: "It appears," he says, "that the Reformaton was first introduced there, not by the voice of the preacher, nor by the reading of religious treatises, but by the hymns of Martin Luther. These the people sang with delight, and the saving truths they taught touched their hearts."

By means of wandering schoolmasters, mechanics, and the students who attended Wittenberg, these hymns became widely scattered and were enthusiastically received. Spangenberg, who was living at this time, says: "One must certainly let this be true and remain true, that among all the master singers, from the days of the



“LUTHER WOULD SAY TO MELANCTHON: ‘COME, PHILIP, LET US SING THE 16TH PSALM.’”
—Page 165.



A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

apostles until now, Luther is and always will be the best and most accomplished."

Luther wrote some thirty-seven hymns and Psalm revisions, and these have been translated into many languages. His masterpiece, however, was "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God," the great battle-hymn of the Reformation, which is as dear to the German heart as the Fatherland itself, each being inseparably associated with the other.

In times of special trial, Luther would say to Melancthon: "Come, Philip, let us sing the 46th Psalm," and they would sing it from his version. After Luther's death, Melancthon heard a little girl singing the hymn in a street of Weimar, and said to her: "Sing on, dear child; you do little know whom you comfort."

It is said that this hymn accomplished as much for the Reformation as did the translation of the Bible. D'Aubigne

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

says that during these fateful and formative days, "it was sung in all the churches of Saxony, and its energetic strains often revived and inspirited the most dejected hearts." It was sung at Luther's funeral, and its first line is carved on his tomb.

In 1720, a remarkable revival was being held in a Moravian town, in which David Nitschman, who was afterward the founder of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, lived. A large company was gathered at his house when the officers of the law broke in to disperse the meeting. Nothing daunted, the congregation began singing "A Mighty Fortress." Many, including Nitschman, were arrested and placed in jail. He made his escape, became a bishop, and sailed with the Wesleys on their famous voyage to Savannah, Georgia. He officiated, in 1736, at what was the first ordination of a Protestant bishop in America. He visited America three

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

times, and finally died here after years of splendid service for others.

The hymn was a source of much comfort to the Huguenots of France between 1560 and 1572, and was frequently sung by them to inspire their zeal and courage. It was first published about 1527, and has been translated at least eighty times, doubtless the most accurate being the version of Thomas Carlisle, in 1831. That of Dr. Frederick Henry Hedge, of Harvard University, in 1853, beginning,

“A mighty fortress is our God,”

is the most popular in use in this country.

Dr. Louis F. Benson, in his “Studies of Familiar Hymns,” has this excellent summing up of the widespread use and influence of this immortal composition:

“Such a hymn, with such a tune, spread quickly, as may well be believed; ‘quickly, as if the angels had been the

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

carriers,' one enthusiastic writer has said. But they were men and not angels who spread Luther's hymn of faith and courage from heart to heart and from lip to lip. It thrilled them like a trumpet blast, encouraging the faint-hearted and nerving the brave to fight the battle of the Lord. It was, as Heine said, the Marseillaise of the Reformation. It was sung at Augsburg during the Diet, and in all the churches of Saxony, often against the protest of the priest. It was sung in the streets; and, so heard, comforted the hearts of Melancthon, Jonas, and Cruciger, as they entered Weimar, when banished from Wittenberg in 1547. It was sung by poor Protestant emigrants on their way into exile, and by martyrs at their death. It is woven into the web of the history of Reformation times, and it became the true national hymn of Protestant Germany. Gustavus Adolphus ordered it sung by his army before the battle of

Leipzig, in 1631, and on the field of that battle it was repeated, more than two centuries afterwards, by the throng assembled at the jubilee of the Gustavus Adolphus Association. Again, it was the battle hymn of his army at Lützen, in 1632, in which the King was slain, but his army won the victory. It has had a part in countless celebrations commemorating the men and events of the Reformation; and its first line is engraved on the base of Luther's monument at Wittenberg. And it is still dear to the German people, one of the hymns lodged in their memories and hearts, ready for the occasion. An imperishable hymn! not polished and artistically wrought, but rugged and strong like Luther himself, whose very words seem like deeds."

Percy S. Foster writes: "One of the most inspiring sights I ever witnessed was at the Christian Endeavor Convention in Cincinnati, Ohio, July, 1901,

when the German societies sang, in their own language, as their consecration hymn, 'A Mighty Fortress Is Our God.' It thrilled the entire assemblage as nothing else did."

"Whenever I hear Luther's great hymn," said the Rev. Wallace Howe Lee, LL.D., of Seattle, Washington, "I always think of a soldier armed for the fray, riding on a fiery horse in triumph." And in much the same spirit another writes: "I learned this hymn while in the seminary, and liked it from the first. It stirs me like a drum stirs an old soldier. It is a hymn of triumphant faith and should be sung oftener."

W. T. Stead gives this interesting incident: "Cassell's History of the Franco-German war describes how, the day after the battle of Sedan, a multitude of German troops, who were on the march for Paris, found it impossible to sleep, wearied though they were.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

They were billeted in the parish church of Augecourt. The excitement of the day had been too great; the memory of the bloody fight and their fallen comrades mingled strangely with pride of victory and the knowledge that they had rescued their country from the foe. Suddenly in the twilight and the stillness a strain of melody proceeded from the organ — at first softly, very softly, and then with ever-increasing force — the grand old hymn-tune, familiar to every German ear, ‘Nun danket alle Gott,’ swelled along the vaulted aisles. With one voice officers and men joined in the holy strains; and when the hymn was ended, the performer, a simple villager, came forward and delivered a short, simple, heartfelt speech. Then turning again to the organ, he struck up Luther’s old hymn, ‘Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott,’ and again all joined with heart and voice. The terrible strain on their systems, which had

tried their weary souls and had banished slumber from their eyes, was now removed, and they laid themselves down with thankful hearts and sought and found the rest they so much needed."

"In connection with Luther's great hymn," remarked Professor Charles R. Erdman, D.D., of Princeton Theological Seminary, "I cannot forget the inspiring effect with which it was rendered by a great chorus of male voices at Princeton University on the occasion of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth. Ever since then it has been increasingly popular with Princeton students, and I think I can safely say that it is the favourite hymn in that University."

The following interesting story is copied from the *Youth's Companion*: "At a terrible accident in the coal mines near Scranton, Pennsylvania, several men were buried for three days and all efforts to rescue them had proved un-

successful. The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement, caused by sympathy for the wives and children of the buried men and despair at their own balked efforts.

“ A great mob of ignorant men and women assembled at the mouth of the mine on the evening of the third day, in a condition of high nervous tension which fitted them for any mad act. A sullen murmur arose that it was folly to dig farther, that the men were dead; and this was followed by cries of rage at the rich mine owners, who were in no way responsible for the accident.

“ A hasty word or gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near was a little German girl, perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face and frightened glances from side to side showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing in a

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

hoarse whisper which could not be heard. Then she gained courage, and her sweet, childish voice rang out in Luther's grand old hymn, familiar to every German from his cradle:

“‘A mighty fortress is our God.’

“There was a silence like death. Then one voice joined the girl's, and presently another and another, until from the whole great multitude rose the solemn words of the hymn. A great quiet seemed to fall upon the hearts of all. They resumed their work with fresh zeal, and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found — alive.”

When the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Luther was celebrated in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, the great building was thronged, and “A Mighty Fortress,” led by an immense band, was sung in seven different languages at the same time. It

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

was, of course, a perfect babel of sound, but the effect was wonderful. So grandly was it sung, with such matchless harmony, unity, and solemnity, that it stirred the vast audience to tears and to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm. To those who were present it is little wonder that the hymn bore an important part in nerving the German soldiers to deeds of desperate daring, when sung on the eve of battle; or that it should be used as a great thanksgiving psalm when the victory was won.

“A little company of missionaries,” writes the Reverend Charles G. Lewis, of the China Inland Mission, “in southwest China during the Boxer outrages of the summer of 1900, found themselves in circumstances which led to a fuller and deeper appreciation of Luther’s noble hymn than they had ever had before. Situated two thousand miles inland, and seven days’ journey from our nearest neighbours, we found

ourselves cut off from all communication. After waiting for light and guidance, we attempted flight through the southern provinces, but only to discover, after journeying several days, that all roads in that direction were closed. Returning to our station, we determined to await the uncertainties of the situation rather than attempt further travelling. Knowing something of the fate of many of our brethren elsewhere, we realised full well what might be ours also. To flee seemed to run into certain danger; to sit still seemed as certainly to invite it. What to do was no easy thing to settle. It was during these days that Luther's hymn, 'A Mighty Fortress Is Our God,' took on new meaning to us, and our hearts received fresh strength and courage as we realised, as never before, how the Lord's people in other days found in our God 'a mighty fortress' from every danger."

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

It will be remembered that the missionaries in Paoutingfu, China, were not so fortunate as those of the Inland Mission, all of them being killed at their post. An impressive memorial service was held on the 23d of March, 1901, on the very spot in Paoutingfu where the tragedies of the preceding June had occurred. Among those present were German, French, and Chinese officials, and a fine German band belonging to the brigade. The services were of the most solemn and tender character, and nothing could have been more grandly impressive than the rendering of "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

Köstlin has well written: "This hymn is Luther in song. It is pitched in the very key of the man. Rugged and majestic, trustful in God, and confident, it was the defiant trumpet-blast of the Reformation, speaking out to the powers of the earth and under the earth, an all-conquering conviction of divine

vocation and empowerment. The world has many sacred songs of exquisite tenderness and unalterable trust, but this one of Luther's is matchless in its warlike tone, its rugged strength, and its inspiring ring."

There is need of more of such inspiring productions, full-voiced with faith, devotion, and courage, to help us in our efforts to "make our manhood mightier day by day."

IX

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE





“OR IF ON JOYFUL WING CLEAVING THE SKY,
SUN, MOON AND STARS FORGOT, UPWARDS I FLY.”



Hearer, my God, to Thee,
Hearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Hearer, my God, to Thee,
Hearer to Thee !

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be o'er me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I 'd be
Hearer, my God, to Thee,
Hearer to Thee !

There let the way appear,
Steps unto Heaven ;
All that Thou send'st to me
In mercy giben :
Angels to beckon me
Hearer, my God, to Thee,
Hearer to Thee !

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I 'll raise ;

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

So by my woes to be
Hearer, my God, to Thee,
Hearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Hearer, my God, to Thee,
Hearer to Thee!

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE



LIZA and Sarah Flower were gifted English sisters, whose early lives began and ended between the opening and the close of the first half of the last century; and yet in that brief period both left their impress on their generation; and the younger, Sarah, achieved undying fame by composing the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The meeting and courtship of their parents were romantic. Benjamin Flower was, a bright young fellow whose business frequently called him to France, and he became early imbued with the spirit of the French Revolution. Afterward he became the Editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, and for defending in its columns the French Revolution, and for real or imaginary reflections on the English constitution,

he was brought to trial in 1799, and was sentenced to pay a fine and to spend six months in the famous or infamous Newgate Prison.

During his imprisonment Miss Eliza Gould, an enthusiastic young woman of culture, whose soul was fired with indignation at the injustice of his punishment, called upon him to express sympathy. They proved to be congenial spirits; the strangers became friends, the friends lovers, and soon after his release they were married. Two daughters were born to them, and in 1810 the mother, never strong, went to her reward. The training and education of the children devolved upon the father, and right nobly did he meet this added responsibility. Both girls were unusually talented — Eliza as a composer of music, and Sarah as a composer of verse.

In 1834, Sarah married William Bridges Adams, a civil engineer. In

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

person she was tall and remarkably beautiful, and her manners were charming. Believing that the stage might be made to perform an important service, in connection with the pulpit, in elevating mankind, she essayed to act, with the approval of her husband, the character of Lady Macbeth. Although she met with considerable success, she soon learned that the demands were far too severe for her physical powers, so she turned her attention to literature. She wrote a number of poems of rare sweetness and power. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," suggested by the story of Jacob's vision at Bethel, as found in Genesis 28:10-22, was first published in 1841; and although it met with some favour, it was not until 1860 that Dr. Lowell Mason's beautiful and sympathetic music "quickened it into glorious life" and gave it a permanent abiding-place in the hearts of the people. In the great Peace Jubilee,

held in Boston in 1872, this hymn was sung by nearly fifty thousand voices. Dr. Mason, then in his eighty-first year, was present, and was delighted with the matchless melody. He died the following August.

Mrs. Adams died in 1848, at the age of forty-three, two years after the death of her sister Eliza, who died unmarried, at the same age.

Many and interesting are the stories told in connection with the usefulness of this hymn, which has been an inspiration wherever the Christian religion has gone. It is a special favourite of Miss Helen Gould, whose sweet winsomeness and noble charity have made her one of the best loved women of our land.

It was sung at the great Christian Endeavor Convention held in Philadelphia in December, 1900, a choir of fifteen hundred trained voices, under the magnetic direction of H. C. Lin-

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

coln, leading the vast multitude. At its close President Eberman said, thoughtfully, "I wonder if we shall ever listen to such singing on earth again!"

"When the officers and men of the North Atlantic Squadron," writes Chaplain Wright, "assembled on the quarter deck of the battleship 'Massachusetts,' at the memorial service for the gun's crew killed in the eight-inch turret, the most touching incident was the singing, softly and reverently, of 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' It had been the favourite hymn of several of the dead men, and the last one they had sung, for we had closed the service with it two nights before the disaster. During an experience of nearly twenty years in the Navy I have found the songs that last the best with the men are such as 'Just As I Am,' 'Abide With Me,' 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and 'Sun of My Soul.'"

"I have heard," writes Dr. Floyd

Tomkins, “ ‘ Nearer, my God, to Thee ’ sung in camp with a brass band, and I have sung it alone with trembling voice when kneeling by the bedside of the dying, and it has ever the same message of peace.”

The Rev. Millard F. Troxell, D.D., relates this experience: “ The beautiful August day was warm with sunshine along the lower levels, but the three train-loads of tourists found the summit of Pike’s Peak enveloped in mist and cloud too heavy to peer through, so that for an hour or more we gathered about the fire of the block-house and tried to become better acquainted. It was suggested that we sing some popular melody. A voice bravely began one of the many sentimental songs of the day, but few knew enough of it to join in, so the singer was left to finish it alone. Then some one began to sing softly ‘ Nearer, my God, to Thee,’ and before the second

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

line was ended it seemed as if all who had been strangers now felt at home; and, for the time being, the place seemed like a very Bethel. It seemed, too, as if the clouds were parted and lifted by the singing, for when a little time had quickly passed, some one exclaimed, 'Oh, there's the sunshine!' and out we rushed to find that the mists were rolled away, and before us stretched the most wonderful of views."

On one occasion three distinguished travellers in Palestine heard in the distance faint snatches of a familiar tune, and were deeply touched, on drawing nearer, to find a group of Syrian students reverently singing, in Arabic, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." One of the hearers, in relating the story, said that the singing of the hymn by these youthful natives moved him to tears and affected him more deeply than anything of the kind to which he had ever listened.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

The Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D., thus writes of his visit to Bethel on March 12, 1902: "As we stood there, where heaven had once come so near to earth, I am sure that there was not one in all our large party who did not share, in some degree, in that ladder vision which Jacob had; and you will not be surprised to know that we fell into the mood of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams' ever-precious hymn, and, without a word of suggestion, sang together, with deepest feeling, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee!' Who can say that Jacob's vision did not become ours as we softly chanted the trustful, prayerful words!

"Is it not a sweet immortality for this Christian poetess that her song should thus linger about the Holy Land, the stories of which were so dear to her, and continue to interpret the worshipful thoughts of Christian travellers long after she herself ceased to sing on earth? We do not wonder that

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

our martyred President [McKinley] and so many before him and since, loved and do love this beautiful hymn. We shall ever count it a rare privilege that so many of us were permitted to sing it together on the sacred site of Bethel itself."

A pathetic story in connection with this hymn is told of an heroic woman whose train was caught in the great Johnstown flood of 1889. Hopelessly imprisoned by the rising waters, and with death surely approaching, she breathed a prayer to her Maker, and then, with a voice of marvellous trustfulness, began singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," while hundreds, unable to help her, listened breathlessly. Before the last words of the hymn were reached the brave voice was still and the singer had gone to be with "those who had come out of great tribulation and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Dr. William H. Clagett, President of the Board of Trustees of the Texas Presbyterian University, kindly contributes the following: "On a New Year's Day the late Rev. James H. Brookes, D.D., of St. Louis, was earnestly praying for a deeper work of grace in his own heart, and during his prayer quoted the lines:

" 'Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me.'

"As he uttered the words, the spirit of God brought the meaning of the last line to his mind as never before; so much so, indeed, that he stopped in his praying and asked, 'Do I so deeply desire a greater consecration that I am willing for God to send a cross, if it be necessary, for me to receive it?'

"After an inner struggle of some minutes he again bowed down, and, with a full sense of the meaning of the words he uttered, made use of the

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

same quotation as expressing the innermost desire of his heart.

“That year there came to him one of the greatest sorrows of his life through the death of a daughter, a bright and beautiful girl just about to graduate from college; but he afterwards testified that through this great loss God had answered his prayer and had brought him into closer communion with Him than he had ever been before.”

Chaplain Henry C. McCook, who was with our soldiers in Cuba, says: “It would seem strange that such a hymn as ‘Nearer, my God, to Thee’ should be the most popular and apparently the most widely known among all classes of soldiers. Yet it is so. When conducting services as Chaplain in the camps and hospitals of the Fifth Army Corps, and upon ships of war and transports, as well as in the camps of the States, I found that when this hymn

was announced all the soldiers took hearty part in the singing. One would hardly think that the high spiritual note touched in this familiar hymn, which breathes longings for a nearer spiritual communion with God, even at the cost of human sacrifice, would truly voice the sentiment of the rough-and-ready, ofttime coarse and profane men who joined with their more religious comrades in singing. Yet such was the case. It was the favourite hymn at funerals, a fact that can be understood more easily. All soldiers are more or less affected by the sense of the near presence of death. The loss of their comrades is indeed 'a cross'; and in the true spirit of camaraderie they feel a touch of woe that the companions of the tent and of the march, who shared with them the toils and perils of battle, have passed away."

He also gives this interesting description of the closing scene on the battle-

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

field of Las Guasimas, June, 1898: "Farther on lay a dead Spaniard with covered face. A buzzard flapped from the tree above him. Beyond was the open-air hospital, where were two more rigid human figures, and where the wounded lay. That night there was a clear sky, a quarter-moon, and an enveloping mist of stars, but little sleep for any, and restless, battle-haunted sleep for all. Next morning followed the burial. Captain Capron was carried back to the coast and buried at Siboney. The other heroes were placed side by side in one broad trench with their feet to the east. In the bottom of the grave was laid a layer of long, thick, green leaves of guinea grass, and over the brave fellows were piled plumes of the royal palm as long as the grave. At the head of the trench stood Chaplain Brown; around it were the comrades of the dead; along the road struggled a band of patient, ragged

Cubans; and approaching from Santiago a band of starving women and children for whom the soldiers gave their lives. ‘Nearer, my God, to Thee,’ sang the soldiers; and the tragedy of Las Guasimas was done.”

This noble hymn gained additional popularity through the tragic death of President William McKinley. His last intelligible words, spoken just before his soul took its flight, were: “Nearer, my God, to Thee, e’en though it be a cross, has been my constant prayer.” His prayer was answered. It was a cross — one of the greatest that could come to him and to the beloved nation which he had served so faithfully — that led him through a martyr’s suffering and death to claim a martyr’s reward, that of being ever near the blessed Saviour. In a different way, the prayers of his countrymen were also answered, for although his life was not spared, there was infused into the

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

hearts of all a profounder reverence for the head of the nation, a greater horror of assassination, a stronger love for our country, a deeper devotion to our political institutions, and a more abiding faith in God.

The day of his burial at Canton, September 19, 1901, witnessed the most singular and unanimous tributes of respect and affection ever paid to the memory of a human being. Seldom, if ever, has a common sorrow found outward expression in so many lands and in so many ways; and never was there so close an approach to church and international unity. Memorial services were held in innumerable churches in our own and other countries; and at half-past three o'clock, through arrangements previously made, all the material activities of the country ceased, so far as possible, for five minutes. Trolley cars were motionless, the hum of machinery died away, horses were stopped, not a

telegraph instrument clicked, and the great ocean cable no longer pulsed its messages. A Sabbath stillness was over all. Everywhere, as clocks and watches indicated the hour, men stood with uncovered and bowed heads asking God's blessing upon the stricken widow and upon their bereaved country.

Before us as we write is a great metropolitan newspaper of the following day, its pages full of graphic descriptions of the funeral service at Canton, where the vast audience stood at the close, with tear-dimmed eyes, while "Nearer, my God, to Thee," was being sung; and of telegraphic despatches from the leading centres of the world, in almost all of which reference is made to the singing of this hymn in connection with memorial services.

Two of the despatches are of special interest: The first, from New York, dated September 19, is: "The 250 passengers of the American Hamburg-

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

American liner 'Belgravia,' from Hamburg, which arrived this afternoon at Hoboken, as the clock struck 3:30, received the sorrowful intelligence of the President's death and funeral services. Instantly every one stopped and stood for five minutes with uncovered head. While the people waited, the band on the steamer 'Pennsylvania,' lying alongside, played Chopin's funeral march, and a quartet sang 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' "

The second despatch is from Kansas City, Mo.: "Twenty-five thousand people in the great auditorium this afternoon paid loving tribute to the memory of President McKinley. As many more were turned away. A chorus of seven hundred voices and a band of one hundred pieces furnished the music. The entire audience joined in the singing of 'Lead, Kindly Light' and 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' "

In Philadelphia, the Academy of

Music was packed to its utmost capacity, and this hymn was sung with marvellous effect by the standing, weeping audience. At League Island, at Girard College, in Catholic and Protestant churches, in Jewish synagogues and Christian temples, the people were drawn together by a great heart sorrow, and gave expression to it by singing the hymn which so appropriately and fittingly set forth their feelings. On the still autumn air the beautiful notes of "Nearer, my God, to Thee" rang out with singular sweetness and distinctness from the chimes of the belfry of the historic Christ Church — the same bells which had sounded a muffled peal at the reception of the news of the British blockade of Boston; which had joyously echoed the brave full tones of the Liberty Bell when it proclaimed its story of liberty to the world; which had summoned Washington to worship when he was our first President; and

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

which had rung out their tribute of love and sorrow when Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield passed on to join the immortals — these chimes now made the air melodious with the tender notes of the deathless hymn; and men, stopping to listen, went on their way with uplifted looks, and with a fuller, deeper understanding of the inner spiritual teachings of the solemn words.

In every civilised country memorial services were held, the most interesting, perhaps, being in Westminster Abbey, by order of the King. The burial service was read with touching simplicity in the presence of royalty, the full diplomatic corps, distinguished men and women, and a vast concourse of sorrowing people. Here, as elsewhere, the greatest interest centred about the singing of the hymn which was in the heart and on the lips of our heroic President as he went to meet his God.



X

**ONWARD, CHRISTIAN
SOLDIERS**



Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before :
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory :
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song ;
Glory, laud and honour
Unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS



ONWARD, Christian Soldiers" is without a peer as a processional hymn: and although originally written for children, it is none the less inspiring to "children of a larger growth." It easily ranks as one of the most popular of our modern hymns. "At meetings for general work," writes the Rev. Charles M. Boswell, D.D., "like church extension, city mission movements, and similar enterprises, I know of no hymn that can approach it in arousing the aggressive and enthusiastic spirit of an audience."

Fortunately, we have the author's own statement as to the origin of the hymn. A great school festival was to be held in a Yorkshire village on Whit-Monday, 1865, and the scholars of

Horbury Bridge school, over which the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould was Curate, were invited to attend. As the place of the celebration was some distance away, the minister thought it would be an excellent plan to have his scholars march to the singing of an appropriate and stirring hymn. Fortunately for our hymnology, he could find nothing in his song books suitable for such an occasion, so from sheer necessity he sat down on the Saturday evening preceding the celebration and composed this great processional hymn, little dreaming that he had produced that which would be world-wide in its usefulness and make his name a household word. "It was written," he modestly says, "in a very simple fashion, without a thought of publication. I wanted the children to sing when marching from one village to the other, but could not think of anything quite suitable, so I sat up at night resolved to write some-

thing myself. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' was the result. It was written in great haste, and I am afraid that some of the lines are faulty. Certainly nothing has surprised me more than its great popularity."

The spirited music written for it by Arthur S. Sullivan has doubtless added to the enthusiasm and heartiness with which it is always sung.

While preparing this article, it was our good fortune to learn that a Mr. Thomas Taylor, a brother-in-law of Baring-Gould and a member of the choir which first sang the hymn, was living in Germantown, Pennsylvania. We had a pleasant interview with him, and found him to be a sympathetic, genial, middle-aged man, with quite a local reputation as a poet. He kindly gave the following interesting reminiscences of the first time the hymn was sung:

"As I look back through the mists

of more than forty long years, I see a little cottage church close by the banks of the Calder, a branch of the Humber, in Yorkshire. It was here, in an upper room, in the early sixties, that Mr. Baring-Gould, a Curate from St. Peter's Church, used to hold services.

“The cottage church soon became too small for the rapidly increasing congregation. In course of time a large mission church was built, and I, with two elder brothers, had the supreme delight of being enrolled as members of the first surpliced choir.

“I remember well how eagerly we boys looked forward to the great Whitsuntide festivals religiously kept in the Yorkshire parishes, and which were welcomed by all.

“Whit-Monday, 1865, dawned bright and beautiful. Mr. Baring-Gould had arranged that we should march to the parent church, St. Peter's, about one and a half miles distant from Horbury

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Bridge, to celebrate the day. The road led up a very steep incline, known as Quarry Hill. With lusty voices and with banners floating in the breeze, we marched forward, a little army some one hundred strong, singing Mr. Baring-Gould's new hymn, 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' It was on that country road and along the main street of Horbury village that the hymn was first sung in public.

"Near the parish church we were met by the Horbury brass band and the scholars and choristers of St. Peter's, who joined in the singing as we filed into the church. After the service we all entered the vicarage garden, and there again the hymn was sung, under the leadership of Mr. Henry Wilson, then choirmaster at St. Peter's.

"Soon after this event I joined the choir of St. Peter's. Years after, I married the daughter of my old choir-

master, Mr. Wilson, and subsequently came across the great Atlantic to seek a home in the United States."

Mr. Taylor added this interesting bit of family history: "I often wondered why it was that I was such a favourite of Mr. Baring-Gould; nor could I understand why it was that whenever he came to the house I was sent by my mother into the garden, or elsewhere, to play. But when my sister became Mrs. Baring-Gould a flood of light broke in upon my youthful mind, and I was able to comprehend why my absence had been so frequently desired; and I was also reluctantly led to believe that the Curate's affection for the little choir boy was not quite so disinterested as his personal vanity might have wished."

Baring-Gould, a minister of the Church of England, was born in Exeter, Devonshire, January 28, 1834, and was graduated from Clare College,

Cambridge, twenty years later. He was Curate of Horbury, where the hymn was written, from 1864 to 1867, and since 1881 has been Rector of Lew Trenchard, where he holds estates and privileges which have descended to him through his family.

He is an authority on many subjects, and is a voluminous writer, having published nearly one hundred volumes. In twenty years, between 1870 and 1890, he issued no less than forty-three books, sixteen of which were novels. During the next six years he published seventeen novels. A number of his works have passed through several editions. To show the extent and variety of his writings, it is only necessary to mention a few of the titles: *The Lives of the Saints*, in fifteen volumes; *Legends of the Old Testament*; *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*; *Iceland: Its Scenes and Its Sagas*; and *The Vicar of Morwenstow*. Among his novels are *Meha-*

lah, In the Roar of the Sea, and Noemi. "He has," says J. M. Barrie, "powerful imagination, and is quaintly fanciful. When he describes a storm, we can see his trees breaking in the gale. So enormous and accurate is his information that there is no trade or profession with which he does not seem familiar."

This suggests to us the poet Thomas Gray, who was also a man of vast learning, not only in literature but in all the arts and sciences of his day; and although he left writings enough to form, with his life, a book of four volumes, edited by Edmund Gosse, it is by his one poem, "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," that he will be ever remembered. This may also prove true of Baring-Gould. The few lines hurriedly composed on a Saturday evening as a marching song for a band of little children, will doubtless give to his name greater fame than all the books he has ever written.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

“ At morning prayers,” writes President S. W. Boardman, of Maryville College, Tennessee, “ after the faculty and the more advanced classes are in their seats, from one to two hundred preparatory students march in, two abreast, from the south entry, and pass before the platform to their places. Most of them are from fifteen to twenty years old, and the majority are professed Christians. The stirring hymn, ‘ Onward, Christian Soldiers,’ is frequently sung, but even when it is not, I never see the youthful, hurrying throng pressing forward to prepare for the future work of the Church and of the world, without feeling in my own heart the thrill and impulse of the words:

“ ‘ Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war!’ ”

An unusual event, with which this hymn was associated, happened at the

November, 1905, election in Philadelphia. A desperate effort had been made during the preceding weeks by the citizens to free themselves from corrupt political methods and office holders. Excitement ran high, and on the night of the election the deepest concern was felt as to the issue. One of the papers the next morning gave this vivid picture of the happenings:

“From this time forward, ‘Onward, Christian Soldiers’ is the cheering song from which a redeemed city will draw its inspiration and continue the good work so well begun.

“It was midnight last night when the new battle hymn was borne on a triumphant wave to the thousands of exulting citizens. Broad and Chestnut Streets were packed almost to suffocation. The crowds were delirious with joy when they heard the news of the Organisation’s defeat. As soon as the Chairman of the City Party Campaign

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

Committee was satisfied that the results were no longer in doubt, and when the returns showed a decided victory for the people, he hurriedly formed a procession, and, headed by a band, began a parade through Broad and Chestnut Streets. The first piece played by the band was 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' and thereafter only one other song was permitted, 'My Country, 'T is of Thee.'

"When the crowds heard Baring-Gould's stirring melody many of them fell in line, and soon thousands were singing the words of the inspiring chorus. On Broad Street thousands of others joined in the singing; and for the first time in many years an election crowd knew what it was to be inspired by the true spirit of victory."

A certain Low Church Vicar, we are told, was thoroughly opposed to all outward symbolisms. On one occasion, the children of his school were to

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

march in procession, and "Onward, Christian Soldiers" was the hymn selected to be sung. To add to the realism, the choirmaster desired to have a cross carried in front of the little company, but this the good Vicar positively refused to permit. Wishing to have the hymn as literally true as possible, and possibly to "get even" with the Vicar, the choirmaster changed the last line of the first stanza, and the children started off, lustily singing,

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Left behind the door."

Another amusing story is told in a letter received from the Rev. Robert J. Drummond, of Edinburgh, Scotland: "A little boy I know, three years of age, was marching around the table, singing this hymn at the top of his voice. His father said to him, 'Are you a Christian soldier?' 'No, Brit-

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

ish!' was the unexpected and sententious reply, as the little chap continued his march, singing more lustily than ever. This was when the Boer war was at its height, and loyalty and patriotism among the children were running high."

When peace was expected to be declared between the British and the Boers, a Chaplain telegraphed to Lord Kitchener from the Orange River Colony, stating, "I am the acting Chaplain, and shall conduct divine service in several camps to-morrow. May I ask if the hymn, 'Peace, Perfect Peace,' would not be a most appropriate one to sing?" "Please yourself," telegraphed Kitchener; "but I think 'Onward, Christian Soldiers' quite as good at this time and perhaps more appropriate."

Miss Anna Woodruff Jones, a youthful and enthusiastic missionary, thus writes from Osaka, Japan, in

April, 1904: "I spent last Saturday down at the harbour watching hundreds of Japanese soldiers embarking on several large transports to go to the seat of war. We occupied the place allotted to Christians on the wide harbour road down which marched the soldiers, healthy, strong, and determined-looking. I took my two silk United States flags, and I waved one and a friend the other. The Japanese flag has no blue in it, and as we held ours high up they were very conspicuous. The soldiers were evidently pleased, and many of the officers saluted. One of our missionaries had brought his cornet, and with its help we sang most heartily 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' the object being to cheer the Christian Japanese whom we knew to be in the ranks. Tears came to our eyes as we saw one Christian after another raise his hand or give some other sign to let us know that he appreciated our



"SANG MOST HEARTILY 'ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS,'
TO CHEER THE CHRISTIAN JAPANESE IN THE
RANKS."—Page 220.



ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

being there and singing for him our song of encouragement; and with grateful looks he passed on."

Above 300,000 people witnessed the great march of the Knights Templars of the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania on Broad Street, Philadelphia, May 26, 1903. The late Dr. Willard M. Rice gave the following vivid picture of the inspiring event:

"On the way down, it seemed only an ordinary parade, composed of alternate brass bands and commanderies; and many, perhaps, of those who looked on were not a little disappointed. It remained, however, for the counter-march to eclipse anything of the kind ever seen in this or possibly any other city. Reaching Reed Street, the entire line was reformed for the return march. The forty bands, aggregating 1,500 musicians, were massed together in the lead, the hundreds of flags and their bearers being grouped immediately

behind; and then, shoulder to shoulder, with locked step and stretching from curb to curb, with all the pride of the old crusaders and conscious of the centuries they represented, followed the five thousand splendidly attired knights, their waving plumes gleaming white in the sunlight, giving them the novel appearance of a moving snow-drift. It was a thrilling scene as the magnificent pageant swept triumphantly onward: the great band, with its resplendent and multicoloured uniforms; the glorious Stars and Stripes intermingled with the brilliant banners of the several commanderies; the white-plumed knights with gold and silver sashes — all these united in forming a colour effect never to be forgotten.

“ But the best was yet to come: When the great band swept past the reviewing stands, the majestic strains of Baring-Gould’s inspiring hymn, ‘ On-

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

ward, Christian Soldiers,' rang out as though played by one man, yet with a volume of sound that could be heard for squares. Confined within the narrow channel formed by the tall buildings at Broad and Chestnut Streets, the matchless music, reflecting against the vaulted sky, reverberated again and again in the most exquisite harmony — a diapason of sweetest melody, a pæan of praise to the Master, a direct and mighty call to all to engage in the great conflict between God and Satan, righteousness and sin.

“The effect on the vast multitude of onlookers was electrical. While some applauded in a delirium of joy, others, with deeper spiritual insight, and with tear-stained faces, caught the promise and the inspiration of the moment and sang the words of the glorious hymn with an intensity of feeling which the grandest of organs in the stateliest of churches could never call forth. It was

all over in less time than it takes to write about it, but the blessed benediction will long remain, and men, women, and children will be the better because of those few moments of nearer approach to the great All-Father through the inspiration of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' ”

XI

COME, THOU FOUNT OF
EVERY BLESSING



Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount ! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love !

Here I raise my Ebenezer ;
Hither by Thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be !
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
Prone to leave the God I love ;
Here 's my heart ; O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.



COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING



HE career of the Rev. Robert Robinson, the author of this great revival hymn, was a remarkable one, and his character seems to be perfectly summed up in one of its phrases: "Prone to wander." He was a precocious boy, a barber's apprentice, a diligent student, a convert to Methodism, a farmer, an author, and a preacher. At different periods of his life he was connected with no less than four religious denominations, yet wandered in spiritual darkness at times, if we are to believe a story told by the Rev. S. W. Christophers:

"One day, on one of the well-known roads, a lady had been for some time engaged over one page of a little book, which, in the course of the journey, she

had occasionally consulted. Turning, at length, to her companion in travel, a gentleman from whose appearance she gathered that an appeal on such a question would not be disagreeable, she held the open page toward him, and said, 'May I ask your attention to this hymn, and ask you to favour me with your opinion of it?'

"Her companion glanced down the page, and seeing that the hymn was 'Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing,' made an attempt to excuse himself from conversation on its merits; but the lady ventured on another appeal.

"'That hymn has given me so much pleasure,' she said; 'its sentiments so touch me; indeed, I cannot tell you how much good it has done me. Don't you think it very good?'"

"'Madam,' said the stranger, bursting into tears, 'I am the poor, unhappy man who wrote that hymn many years

COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

ago, and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I then had.' ”

The inscription on his tombstone, however, prepared by his distinguished successor, Robert Hall, fittingly sets forth the esteem in which he was held, and encourages the thought that he was again brought into right relations with Christ before his death:

“ Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, the intrepid champion of Liberty, civil and religious; endowed with a genius brilliant and penetrating, united with an indefatigable industry; his mind was richly furnished with an exhaustive variety of knowledge. His eloquence was the delight of every public assembly, and his conversation the charm of every private circle. In him the erudition of the scholar, the discrimination of the historian, and the boldness of the reformer were united,

in an eminent degree, with the virtues which adorn the man and the Christian.”

Robert Robinson, the son of a Scotch father and an English mother, both members of the Established Church, was born September 27, 1735, in Swaffham, Norfolkshire, England. He was a remarkably bright boy, and at the age of six was attending a Latin school. His father died when he was quite young, and his mother, left in almost destitute circumstances, was compelled to take boarders to keep her family together. After a time, the needs of the home made it imperative that the boy should seek employment, and at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a barber in London. This, however, did not dampen his desire for knowledge, and by rising early he was enabled to devote a part of each day to self-improvement.

His thoughts were first turned seri-

ously to spiritual matters by a singular incident. He was now seventeen, and was beginning to associate with dissolute young men. On one occasion he, with several of these companions, succeeded in loosening the tongue of a gypsy fortune-teller with drink, and she prophesied, among other things, that he would live to see his children and grandchildren. To his credit, be it said, this statement filled him with a desire to be, in a measure, at least, worthy of these prospective descendants; and that very night he went to hear the famous George Whitefield preach, although evidently with not much hopes of good results, if we are to believe his confession made to Whitefield some time later, in which he said that he went disposed to "pity the poor, deluded Methodists; but had come away envious of their happiness." Whitefield was a powerful preacher, and in this instance, as frequently, his

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

experience was similar to that of the saintly parson described in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village":

"Truth from his lips prevail'd with double
 sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to
 pray."

Whitefield's sermon made a deep impression on young Robinson, and he became a constant attendant at these Methodist meetings; but it was not until "two years and seven months" afterward that he professed to being soundly converted. He kept a journal, and the entry describing this experience is, to say the least, both quaint and expressive. It gives the names of his parents, when and where he was born, when and under whom his spiritual birth began, and the length of time that elapsed before he was altogether converted. The entry is in Latin and makes interesting reading:

"Robertus, Michaelis Mariaeque

COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

Robinson filius, Natus Swaffhami, comitatu Norfolkciæ, Saturni die, Sept. 27, 1735. Renatus Sabbati die, Maii 24, 1752, per predicationem Georgii Whitefield. Et gustatis doloribus renovationis duos annos mensesque septem, absolutionem plenam gratuitamque, per sanguinem pretiosum Jesu Christi, inveni (Tuesday, December 10th, 1755), cui sit honor et gloria in secula secularum.”

He served as a barber until he was nineteen, and then went to Mildenhall with the intention of devoting himself to farming. Soon after he began to preach, and this he did with such vigour and acceptability that many were drawn to hear him from his own and other neighbourhoods. He married, and became the father of nine children.

In 1758 he preached in Norfolk, but soon after he left the Methodist and formed an independent church. Then he became a Baptist, was ordained by

that body in 1761, and accepted the charge of a church in Cambridge. The congregation to which he ministered was small, and at no time did he receive a salary greater than \$450 per annum. His work here was very successful, and he gathered about him a flourishing congregation. He was an indefatigable worker and an able preacher, and became very popular with the students of the University. In 1790 he made a visit to Birmingham, and one morning — June 9th — was found dead in bed, at the age of fifty-five.

Goodness as well as evil is contagious and far-reaching. Whitefield was the human means of Robinson's conversion; Robinson was the inspirer of Robert Hall's vast influence for good, and it was through Robert Hall that Charles H. Spurgeon was led to enter upon his career of splendid usefulness. Through these men thousands have been led to a saving knowledge

COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

of the Master. We little realise the possibilities of a human life for help or for hindrance.

Although fully engaged in his pastoral duties, Robinson found time to accomplish much in a literary line, and prepared several volumes for publication. His works were characterised by freshness and originality, and were widely circulated. He was an eloquent speaker, and Robert Hall said of him, "He could say what he pleased, when he pleased, and how he pleased." And another wrote, "For disentangling a subject from confusion, for the power of development, for genuine simplification, for invention — who ever surpassed Robinson of Cambridge?"

So far as known, he wrote only two or three hymns, and he is now chiefly remembered through being the author of "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," a hymn which is a universal favourite and very popular and helpful

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

in revival services, where it is frequently sung, and always with vigour and enthusiasm.

Dr. A. H. Harshaw writes: "This is my favourite hymn. Of course, there are more perfect songs of worship, but the spirit of this one is very cheering to me. The mixture of thanksgiving and petition, and the revelation of the very heart of the gospel, endear it to all devout Christian souls."

It is believed that "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing" was written in 1757, when the author was but twenty-two years of age, and shortly after the time of his full surrender to Christ, when he was able gratefully and prayerfully to exclaim:

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee!"

The Rev. C. T. Schaeffer writes:
"It was after eleven o'clock on an

COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

October night in 1902, that a father and son, who had been separated through some misunderstanding, met in the Chinese Mission, New York City. The place was crowded with the residents of the Chinese quarter and a few faithful Christian workers. As soon as the son recognised his father he angrily picked up a chair and attempted to strike him. Fortunately, the Superintendent was near, and springing in between held them apart while he gave out the hymn, 'Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.'

"The prompt action of the Superintendent and the quieting effect of the sacred song had their helpful influence over the two men, who sat with bowed heads until the singing was ended and the meeting was over; and then, with one accord, they clasped hands and were reconciled. The anger and bitterness of years were blotted out and forgiven, and they went out into the darkness

together, rejoicing in their God-given happiness.”

A writer in *The Boston Journal* thus describes a visit he made during the Civil War to the rooms of the Christian Commission in Fredericksburg:

“Passing through the rooms,” he says, “I gained the grounds in the rear — a beautiful garden once, not unattractive now. The air was redolent with roses and locust-blossoms. Fifty men were gathered round a summer house — sympathetic men, who had been all day in the hospital. Their hearts had been wrung by scenes of suffering. They had given out food for body and soul, and cups of water in the name of Christ. They were tired now, and thinking of home and quiet scenes. They were of different faiths and from widely separated States. One man, who knew how to strike a harmonious chord, broke into singing, —

“ ‘Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.’ ”

COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

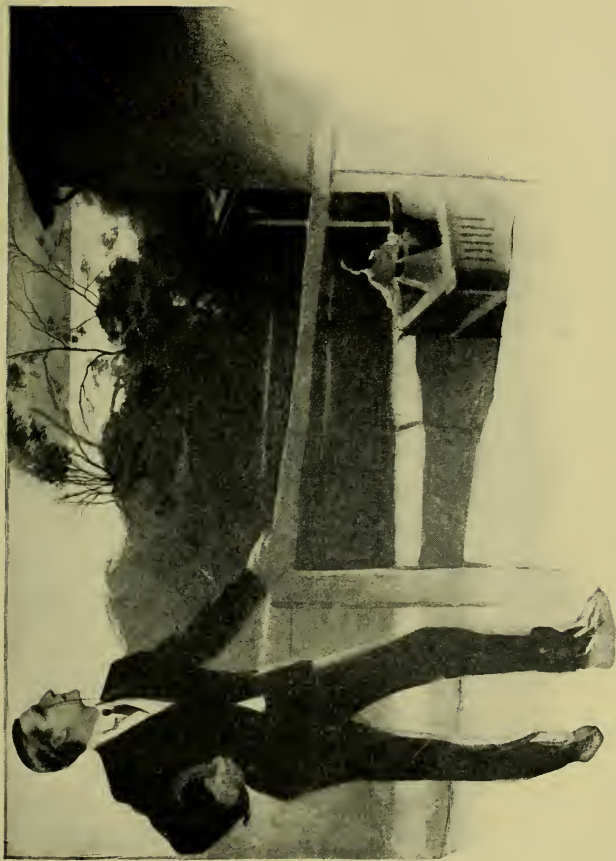
“Everywhere from the shadows and the shrubbery rose the music of that hymn from men who were in memory in the home church or at the home fire-side, and who joined in this familiar hymn and were one in Christ Jesus. It was a night scene to be remembered. And then one led in prayer and alluded to the garden scene in Gethsemane. The angel sent to strengthen these brave men in their dark hour was the angel of song, and it floated in on the wings of this hymn, which was associated with every man’s home life and religious experience.”

On a warm night of summer, a young man, with his face betraying marks of dissipation and with the uncomfortable feeling that his present course was making a wreck of his life, passed slowly and thoughtfully down a quiet village street. He was in a receptive mood, and impressions made now would be lasting. The pleasant

breeze, the flood of glorious moonlight, and the solemn stars were making their strong demand on his manhood to assert itself. Their silent appeal might have been in vain, but at that fitting moment there fell on his ear from a neighbouring balcony, embowered in leaves, the full, rich voice of a young girl singing; and as he passed the house he could distinctly hear the words:

“ Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.”

He had heard the hymn often before, and was perfectly familiar with these lines; but they came to him now with a new and a powerful personal appeal. Try as he would to prevent it, the sweet, song-laden voice haunted him, and the words kept repeating themselves again and again in his memory. Before he slept he manfully faced, in the presence of his Saviour, the great question of



"CAME TO HIM NOW WITH A NEW AND A POWERFUL PERSONAL APPEAL."

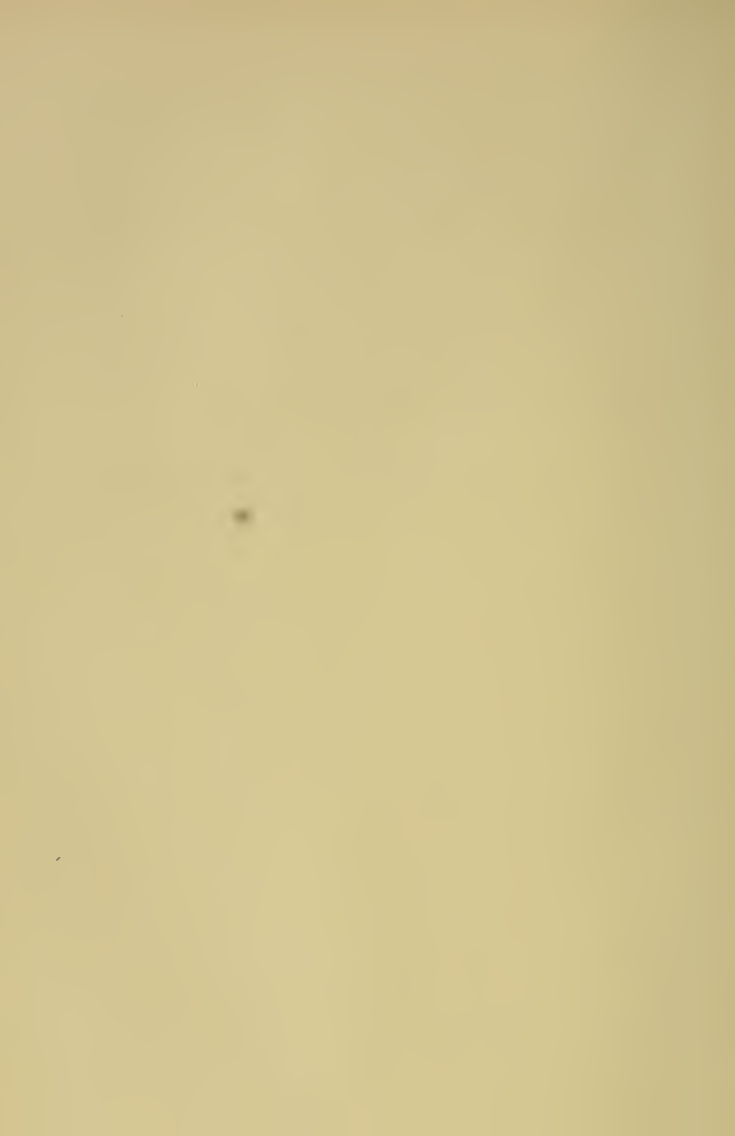
— Page 242.



COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING

his soul's salvation, and won the victory. "The peace that passeth understanding" came to him, and he nobly resolved that henceforward his life should be devoted to higher aims and to holier purposes. Filled with happiness and sweet content he went to rest, his last waking thought being

"Here's my heart: O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above."



XII

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR
JESUS



Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers,
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout!

Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
"Ye that are men now serve Him,"
Against unnumber'd foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
Stand in His strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Be dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer ;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there !

Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
Each soldier to his post ;
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host !
Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain,
And probe to all around you
That death itself is gain !

Stand up, stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally !

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS



OD, who, to save a lost world, spared not His own beloved Son, sometimes leads His earthly children through deep waters in order that others, through their sufferings, may be brought to a saving knowledge of Him. Blessed are we if we have the spiritual insight to discern the Father love hidden behind the hand that chastens; and thrice blessed are we if we can, at such times, imitate the disciples of old, who went on their way "rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name."

Cowper's oft-quoted lines,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,"

never had more singular verification than in the pathetic chain of circum-

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

stances which gave to America one of its most popular and soul-stirring hymns, "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus." In its martial and inspirational character it strikingly suggests the great English processional hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The two are also similar in that both were composed at a single sitting to fill a temporary need — one, as a marching song to grace a holiday for a group of English school children; the other, to give emphasis, at the close of a sermon, to the dying words of a brilliant young American minister, who passed from earth in the flood-tide of his fame and usefulness. The Church at large was in need of, and had waited long for, just such inspiring battle calls to kindle the martial spirit in loyal Christian hearts; and both hymns are destined to abide forever in our books of spiritual song. Although each was born in a night, and in the closing half of the nineteenth

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

century, yet each has happily caught and expressed the indomitable spirit which has made our Church militant the great power it has been throughout the ages. It is eminently fitting that these important additions to hymnology should be contributed by two of the greatest Christian nations of the world.

A pathetic and abiding interest attaches to the origin of the American hymn. The Rev. Dudley A. Tyng was a bright young Episcopalian rector, who had been obliged to sever his pastoral relations with the Church of the Epiphany, Philadelphia, on account of his outspoken views on the curse of slavery; and had, in 1857, organised the Church of the Covenant.

He was singularly gifted, even as a boy. At the age of six he was able to read intelligently Latin authors, and about this time was given a handsome copy of Virgil because of his

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

ability to read the Mantuan bard. At fourteen he entered the University of Pennsylvania, from which institution he was graduated at eighteen with distinguished honours.

As a minister, he early attracted attention by his eloquence, his deep spirituality, and his beautiful simplicity of character. "His spirit of Christian liberality shone out in all his sermons and public addresses; and it was not difficult to discover that the subject held dearest to his heart — save only the conversion of souls — was to see a more fraternal spirit cultivated among all denominations of Christians. Deep in his convictions of the truth and fulness of the Gospel of the Saviour; honest and steadfast in their profession; eloquent and earnest in their avowal; it was his delight and glory to preach them everywhere, and always in their simplicity and power. Gentle in feeling, calm in temper, patient under op-

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

position, he preserved an equanimity of manner which won for him the admiration and love of thousands. Honouring his Master in life, he glorified Him in death by testifying to the power of grace in giving him perfect peace, a certainty of immortality, and of eternal life."

Such was Dudley Tyng, the beloved of all who knew him. Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson writes: "The first Sunday I was in America, April, 1857, my oldest brother took me to the National Hall on Market Street, to hear a gifted young clergyman, who had been driven from his church (Epiphany) for speaking out against slavery. Although only a boy at the time, I was impressed by the earnestness and simplicity of Dudley Tyng. I afterwards heard him described as one of the saintliest men in our city's ministry."

Mr. Tyng was prominently identified with the Young Men's Christian

Association, and was one of the leaders in the great revival of 1857-58, known far and wide as "The Work of God in Philadelphia."

On the 30th of March, 1858, at the noonday meeting in Jayne's Hall, he preached a powerful sermon from the text, "Go now, ye that are men, and serve the Lord." The sermon was Pentecostal in its effects upon the five thousand men who listened to it, and at least one-fifth of them, it is said, declared their intention to lead a Christian life. Perhaps no discourse of modern times was ever followed by so many conversions.

Two weeks later, Tuesday, April 13th, he was in his country home, "Brookfield," near Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, and left his study to pay a brief visit to the barn to inspect a corn-shelling machine that was being operated by mule power. He paused to say a kindly word to the animal

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

and to pat him on the head; as he did so, the sleeve of his gown became caught in the machinery, and before he could be released his right arm was fearfully lacerated; indeed, it was almost torn from his body.

As an illustration of how little attention was given in those days by the papers to gathering important news items, it is only necessary to state that although the distinguished preacher was injured on Tuesday, April 13th, the first mention of it in the daily *Ledger* was on Friday, the 16th, and then the entire incident was passed over in eight brief lines. On the following Monday, the 19th, a seven-line paragraph in the same paper stated that Mr. Tyng's arm had been amputated on the previous Saturday, close to the shoulder; and that during the operation the patient had been placed under the influence of chloroform. On Tuesday, the 20th, there appeared a fourteen-line state-

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

ment of his death, which had occurred on the previous afternoon; and a short review of the dreadful accident.

The news of Mr. Tyng's death was received with many manifestations of grief; and long before three o'clock on the afternoon of April 22d, the time fixed for his funeral, the building on Chestnut Street in which the service was to be held was crowded, "while around the doors were thousands anxious but unable to obtain a place within."

Ministers representing every evangelical denomination were seated on the platform, and several of them made brief addresses. The entire service was unusually impressive and tender, and was a splendid tribute to the worth of the saintly young minister. On his coffin plate were the dates:

"Born, January 12th, 1825.
Died, April 19th, 1858."

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

We have gone into details thus particularly in order to correct a number of errors which we have seen in print concerning the events here narrated.¹

The last hours of Mr. Tyng were touching in the extreme. On the morning of his death, after a long night of exhaustive suffering, he said, "Sing! sing! Can you not sing!" Then he himself began "Rock of Ages." His father, the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., writes: "We followed him, and we sang together the first two verses,

¹ The following are some of the errors of statement made in connection with the death of Mr. Tyng :

"Though not yet *thirty* years old."

"On *Sunday*, April 16th, he preached at a union service held in Jayne's Hall, at which five thousand people were present." The 16th of April, 1858, came on Friday, and on that day Mr. Tyng was slowly dying of his wound.

"In the hope of saving his life, *three* amputations were made."

"Dr. Duffield composed the following popular hymn to be *sung* after his sermon."

And even Dr. Duffield himself, writing in 1883, with a quarter of a century separating him from the tragic death of his friend, states: "His arm was *torn out by the roots*. His death occurred *in a few hours*."

but he could sing no more, no more could we — sorrow silenced us all.”

Among his last intelligible words were, “ Now, father dear, kiss me once more.” And as his father bent with a breaking heart over his boy and kissed him, he said, “ Good night, dear father.”

Just a little while before he passed into the shadow that opens on the eternal dawn, his father asked him if he had any word for the young men, and for the ministers who had been so closely associated with him in the great revival work. “ Not now,” he said; “ I am too much exhausted ”; but after a little while he continued, “ Now, father, I am ready. Tell them, ‘ Let us all stand up for Jesus.’ ”

This was the dying message of one of the truest souls that ever throbbed responsive to the love of the Master; and it was this dying message which on the inspired wings of poesy has been



“NOW, FATHER, I AM READY, TELL THEM, ‘LET US ALL
STAND UP FOR JESUS.’”—Page 258.



STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

a clarion call to duty and faithfulness wherever Christianity is known. Dudley Tyng's last exhortation was caught up by his friend, Dr. George Duffield, and immortalised in his fine hymn, "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus." On the Sunday succeeding Mr. Tyng's death, Dr. Duffield preached a sermon from Ephesians 6:14, — "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness." He composed the words of the now famous hymn as a closing and effective plea to this discourse, little dreaming that these verses would make his name better known and longer remembered than all his other works.

Dr. Duffield speaks of Mr. Tyng as "one of the noblest, bravest, manliest men I ever met."

"The Superintendent of the Sunday-school," wrote Dr. Duffield, "had a fly leaf of the hymn printed for the

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

children. A stray copy found its way into a Baptist paper, and from that paper it has gone in English, and in German and Latin translations, all over the world. The first time the author heard it sung outside of his own denomination was in 1864, as the favourite song of the Christian soldiers of the Army of the James. . . . Notwithstanding the many mutilations and alterations and perversions to which this hymn has been subjected, it is but proper to say that since the night it was written, it has never been altered by the author in a single verse, a single line, or a single word; and it is his earnest wish that it shall continue unaltered until the Soldiers of the Cross shall replace it by something better." The copy of the hymn accompanying this chapter is as Dr. Duffield originally composed it.

Again Dr. Duffield writes: "There is one pleasure I have enjoyed in hymns

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

which is somewhat personal and of its own kind. On three different occasions — once in the General Assembly at Brooklyn, once at a meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., and once at a mass-meeting of Sunday-schools in Illinois, when outward and inward troubles met, and I was in great and sore affliction — I have entered the church and found that the great congregation was singing ‘Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.’

“The feeling of comfort was inexpressible, to have my own hymn thus sung to me by those unaware of my presence. It was as though an angel strengthened me.”

It is interesting to know that Dr. Duffield long kept on the wall of his study a cob of corn from the barn floor where Mr. Tyng received his mortal wound.

Some one has written: “Strange that a short hymn, struck off in an hour or two as a fitting peroration to a funeral

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

sermon on a young minister who had come to a tragic end, should be so honoured as to cast all the other works of the author into the shade. What are all his efforts compared to this martial song so hastily written, so strangely born? When all his sermons shall have been forgotten and the walls of the churches to which he so faithfully ministered shall have fallen, this noble lyric, written in the white heat of a grand elate hour, will still be a power in the land, because fragrant with the name of Dudley Tyng, and still more with that Name which is above every name in Heaven or on earth."

Dr. George Duffield was born of distinguished ancestry. His great-grandfather, Dr. George Duffield, was the pastor of the historic Third Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, during the Revolution, and his patriotism was so pronounced that a price was set upon his head by the British. One of his first

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

churches was protected on all sides by fortifications, and during divine service sentinels kept watch against hostile Indians. "He was literally a man of war from his youth. He was quite as much at home at the head of a company of riflemen, protecting the homes of the settlers, as he was in drawing his apt and vivid illustrations in the pulpit." Of the one hundred and ten signers to his call to the Third Church, Philadelphia, sixty-seven served in the Revolutionary War. Upon a certain Sabbath, it is said, he ascended his pulpit, and looking over the congregation, exclaimed: "There are too many men here this morning; I am going to the front!" His splendid service to the cause of patriotism is a matter of history, and is too well known to need repetition here.

It will thus be seen that George Duffield, the author of our hymn, had

martial blood in his veins, which well fitted him to write a stirring battle call. He was born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1818; was graduated from Yale College in 1837, and from Union Theological Seminary three years later. His first pastorate was over the Fifth Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, where he remained seven years, after which he spent four years in charge of the First Church, Bloomfield, New Jersey. In 1851 he assumed pastoral care over the Northern Liberties Central Church, Philadelphia, where he remained until 1861, when he resigned and subsequently had successive pastorates in Adrian, Michigan, Galesburg, Illinois, and Saginaw, Michigan. He died in Bloomfield, New Jersey, July 16th, 1888.

Dr. Charles E. Bronson, of Philadelphia, thus writes of him: "Dr. Duffield was a predecessor of mine in Saginaw. He was a man solid in char-

STAND UP, STAND UP FOR JESUS

acter, learned, and held in profound respect by the entire community. He left an abiding mark on the ideals and life of the whole vicinity. He was a man of fervent piety. His whole family were highly gifted, and have left their mark on every department of life in which they have toiled."

The loyal devotion, dauntless courage, and sublime optimism of Dr. Duffield's great hymn find their fitting culmination in the inspiring declaration of faith with which it ends:

"To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!"



XIII

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN
FILLED WITH BLOOD



There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.





WILLIAM COWPER, AUTHOR OF "THERE IS A FOUNTAIN
FILLED WITH BLOOD."—Page 270.



THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD



LITERATURE furnishes few stories more pathetic than that of William Cowper, whose great revival hymn, "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood," has led many immortal souls to a saving knowledge of the Master, and has been world-wide in its hallowed and blessed influences.

The Rev. S. W. Christophers thus writes: "Unhappy, and yet happy Cowper! Who does not weep over his sorrows? Who does not bless Heaven for his genius, his devotion, and his works? . . . With a fancy ever fresh, a poetic genius as pure and clear as the morning, and amidst all his fears, with a heart most tenderly alive to good, and most warmly devoted to his Redeemer, he graced his friend Newton's Olney

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Hymn-book with many a precious gem."

William Cowper was the son of the Rev. John Cowper, D.D., Rector of the Parish of Great Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire, England, where the poet was born November 26, 1731.

His mother, to whom he was singularly devoted, was a beautiful Christian character. She held her boy the dearer because he was her only surviving child. Marion Harland gives us this tender glimpse of mother and son: "Her own hands would wrap him in his scarlet cloak, and settle upon his sunny head the velvet cap that arrayed him for his first day at school. Other mothers' eyes moisten in contemplating the group at the Rectory door. The small delicately featured face of the child alight with gleeful pride in the 'bauble coach' built for his express use; the yearning smile, more sad than tears, in the sweet eyes bent downward upon her boy, as

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

both bade farewell to the babyhood he left behind in his trial-trip into the wide, cold world; the 'Gardener Robin,' delegated to draw the young master to the 'dame-school,' consequential in the sense of the trust reposed in him. There is nothing more common than the scene in our changeful, working-day world, and not many things more beautiful."

This ideal relation was destined to be all too short. Two days before the petted child reached the close of his sixth year his mother died. His grief over his irreparable loss was almost boundless. When he was fifty-six years old, and his mother had been in her grave for half a century, a cousin sent him her miniature. He wrote this touching acknowledgment: "I had rather possess my mother's picture than the richest jewel in the British crown; for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty years since, has not in

the least abated.” Again he writes: “I can truly say that not a week passes (perhaps I might with equal veracity say a day) in which I do not think of her.”

We read with intense indignation that “At six years of age this little mass of timid and quivering sensibility was, in accordance with the cruel custom of the time, sent to a large boarding-school,” where the boys of the advanced classes tyrannised over the younger scholars, and “whipped the little fellows into the most servile fags.” The heart-broken and motherless boy, because of his extreme sensitiveness and the loving care which had crowned his earlier years, underwent mental and physical suffering such as rarely comes to a life so young.

Of this period he afterwards wrote: “My chief affliction consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys, by a lad of almost fifteen years,

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

as a proper object upon whom he might loose the cruelty of his temper. . . . His savage treatment of me impressed me with such dread of his figure upon my mind, that I now remember of being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than to his knees, and that I knew him better by his shoe-buckles than by any other part of his dress."

He was, at the age of ten, sent to Westminster School, where the conditions were scarcely better than at Dr. Pitman's. Doubtless his wretched experiences at school, together with his grief over his mother's death, were the foundation of the melancholy and depression of spirit which clouded so much of his after life.

On leaving school he studied law, and while thus engaged fell deeply in love with his cousin, who returned his affection; but they were not permitted to wed, the father objecting on account of the close relationship. Both re-

mained true to their early dream of happiness and never married. This great heart disappointment also had its disquieting effect upon Cowper's mind. The dread shadows of insanity, which on more than one occasion prompted him to suicide, began to envelop him; and although they lifted now and then, and reason was temporarily enthroned, yet

“Melancholy marked him for her own.”

In 1763 he was placed in a private asylum, from which, after a stay of eighteen months, he was discharged and pronounced to be restored.

Soon after leaving the asylum he met Mrs. Unwin, the “Mary” of his poems, who became his most devoted friend and comforter. We are told that “she watched over the mad poet with the utmost care and tenderness; dispelled the gloom of oft-recurring madness, cheered him in moments of melancholy

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

despair, guarded his health, and directed his tremulous thoughts in the paths of literature. It is to her strong affection and untiring care that we owe the works of Cowper."

After the death of the Rev. Mr. Unwin, who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1767, Mrs. Unwin, with her son and daughter, and Cowper, on the advice of the Rev. John Newton, removed to Olney, on the Ouse, where Newton was Curate.

The poet became deeply interested in religious work. "Acting as a sub-curate to Newton, he spent much of the day in attendance upon sick cottagers. . . . He, whom the presence of strangers silenced and made awkward, trampled diffidence under his feet, and led prayer-meetings, exhorting and engaging in audible petitions in the name of his hearers."

Newton thus writes of him: "In humility, simplicity, and devotedness

to God, in the clearness of his views of evangelical truth, the strength and comfort he obtained from them, and the uniform and beautiful example by which he adorned them, I thought he had but few equals. He was eminently a blessing, both to me and to my people, by his advice, his conduct, and his prayers. The Lord, who had brought us together, so knit our hearts and affections that for nearly twelve years we were seldom separated for twelve hours at a time, when we were awake and at home. The first six I passed in daily admiring and trying to imitate him; during the second six, I walked pensively with him in the valley of the shadow of death."

Taking such active part in public religious services proved too much for Cowper's overwrought temperament, and he had a return of insanity. Recovering, "he turned his attention to gardening, carpentering, and taming

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

hares. He constructed a tiny summer house on the lawn in the garden, and at six o'clock on summer mornings he would be found busily writing there, stopping now and then to listen to the feathered songsters or to smell a fragrant flower near by."

He now turned his thoughts more seriously to literature, and was privileged to enjoy a few years of sweet content, clouded now and then by a return of his dreadful malady, which was slowly but surely throwing its pall over him. It was a sad time in the distressed household when Mrs. Unwin was stricken with paralysis, which affected her mind. Cowper sank into one of his most despondent moods, and paid no attention to anything. Could any picture be more touching than this: "One morning Mrs. Unwin was made to understand that her friend needed rousing, and was told by the attending physician to ask him to walk with her.

True to the habit of attendance practised for years, she beckoned him to lead her to the door. Immediately he rose, placed her arm in his, and walked out. Thus, for the last time, she had unconsciously rescued him from the brink of insanity."

He survived his friend only a few years, during which time he had occasional gleams of sanity. He died quietly on the 25th of April, 1800, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and was buried in St. Edmund's Chapel, St. Nicholas Church, East Dereham.

Marion Harland writes: "Mr. Johnson has left on record a sentence that falls upon our hearts like the calm of a summer sunset after a day of hurrying clouds, sobbing gusts, and wild rains: 'From that moment, till the coffin was closed, the expression into which his countenance had settled was that of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise.'

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

“ May we not believe, and thank God for the fancy, that the sweet mother who had so long had all her other children with her in Heaven was graciously permitted to bear this ‘ afflicted soul, tossed with tempest, and not comforted,’ the tidings that he was a partaker in the ‘ unspeakable happiness ’ he had despaired of attaining. Did the welcome to the joy of the Lord he had never ceased to love while he believed himself shut out forever from His presence, awaken the ‘ holy surprise ’ which brought back youth and comeliness to the face marred by the awful and mysterious sorrow, as fearsome as it is incomprehensible to us? ”

Strange as it may seem, in view of his mental disorder, “ Cowper’s poetry is eminently healthy, natural, and unaffected. He and Burns brought back nature to English poetry. Besides being a poet, he was, perhaps, the most delightful letter-writer in the English

language. Nothing could surpass the charm of his epistles — full of humour, gentle sarcasm, anecdote, acute remark, and a tender shadow of melancholy thrown over and toning down the whole.”

He is described as being “one of the loveliest and most accomplished Christian gentlemen of his age.” Southey speaks of his being “the most popular poet of his generation”; and Stopford Brooke writes of him as the poet “who has written, to my mind, the noblest hymns for depth of religious feeling and for loveliness of quiet style; whose life was as blameless as the water lilies which he loved.” “The perfect structure of his sentences,” writes Marion Harland, “the aptness of his imagery, the simplicity and force of his diction, have made him a classic, and a model to students who would also be scholars.”

Mrs. Browning’s beautiful poem, entitled “Cowper’s Grave,” is known to

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

all lovers of verse. We give a portion
of it:

“ It is a place where poets crowned may feel
the heart’s decaying ;
It is a place where happy saints may weep
amid their praying ;
Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as
silence languish :
Earth surely now may give her calm to
whom she gave her anguish.

“ O poets, from a maniac’s tongue was poured
the deathless singing !
O Christians, at your cross of hope a hope-
less hand was clinging !
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary
paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and
died while ye were smiling !

“ And now, what time ye all may read through
dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell and darkness
on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds
and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so
broken-hearted.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

- “ With quiet sadness and no gloom, I learn
to think upon him,
With meekness that is gratefulness to God
whose Heaven hath won him,
Who suffered once the madness-cloud to
His own love to blind him,
But gently led the blind along where breath
and bird could find him ;
- “ And wrought within his shattered brain
such quick poetic senses
As hills have language for, and stars, har-
monious influences :
The pulse of dew upon the grass kept his
within its number,
And silent shadows from the trees refreshed
him like a slumber.
- “ Wild timid hares were drawn from woods
to share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan
tendernesses :
The very world, by God’s constraint, from
falsehood’s ways removing,
Its women and its men became, beside him,
true and loving.
- “ And though, in blindness, he remained un-
conscious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet
sense of providing,

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

He testified this solemn truth, while phrensy
desolated, —

Nor man nor nature satisfies whom only
God created.”

While living at Olney, Mr. Newton proposed to Cowper that he should join him in the preparation of a book of evangelical hymns. The poet was pleased to be of this help to his friend, and contributed sixty-seven of the famous “Olney Hymns,” as they are called. These have since been translated into many languages.

“God Moves in a Mysterious Way” was one of these hymns, and was written at the close of 1772, “in the twilight of departing reason,” almost immediately after Cowper had made an effort to end his life.

“There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood,” written about the same time, is a hymn which is endeared to thousands. There are many, and there will be many more, who through its im-

elling influence “have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

Dr. Charles S. Robinson thus writes: “The incidents which might be related concerning the usefulness of these five simple stanzas would make us think of the Evangelist’s affectionate extravagance: ‘And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written’ [John 21:25]. Biographies are full of them; tracts are made out of them; every minister of the gospel has his memory crowded with them. Literary critics find great fault with some of the expressions, and declare that people of taste do not know what they are singing about when they speak of a ‘fountain filled,’ and filled with ‘blood,’ the blood drawn from the veins of one man that another might be

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

‘washed’ in it. Still the spiritually-taught children of God go on singing the lines undisturbed. They know what the hymn means; they may not be able to tell others exactly, but they go on singing this, and ‘Rock of Ages’ with it, till their tongues lie silent in the grave.”

W. T. Stead writes: “All the animadversions are as the lightest dust in the balance compared with the fact of the marvellous influence which the singing of this hymn has had in softening the hearts of men upon such occasions of spiritual quickening as are known as the great Irish Revivals. It has been the means of changing the lives of more men than all those who have ever heard the name of most of its critics.”

If the hymn had rendered no other service to humanity than leading Samuel H. Hadley, the late Superintendent of the old McAuley Water Street Mission, New York City, to Christ, it

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

would have been abundantly worth while. On January 29, 1906, a short time before he went to his heavenly reward, he thus wrote:

“Many of the hymns which are to appear in your book have long been familiar to me, but I will speak of only one: ‘There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood.’ That is my baptismal hymn. When I was a poor, helpless, dying drunkard in the old Jerry McAuley Mission, twenty-three years, nine months, and six nights ago to-night, after I had made some feeble prayer, Jerry sang that hymn in that peculiar voice of his:

“‘There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel’s veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.’”

“I had heard this dear old hymn many times around my father’s fireside when a boy, and it brought back mem-

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

ories of happy days departed. When Jerry asked me to pray, I did pray, and Jesus, the loving Saviour, came into my heart and has been there ever since. I am so glad that you are going to use this hymn in your collection."

Mr. Hadley tells of John M. Wood, a drunken sailor, who had been discharged from the United States Navy for chronic alcoholism, after a service of thirteen years, and who was on the way to the river, determined to end his wretched earthly life, when he heard the singing of "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood," a hymn which had been familiar to him in his innocent childhood. The singing was coming from the old McAuley Mission. He could not resist the temptation to enter. He was converted, and never after tasted whiskey. He longed to return to the Navy Yard and tell his former associates of the great blessing which had come to him, and finally obtained per-

mission to hold service on the "Chicago." So effective was his plea that when he asked those who desired to lead a better life to signify their intention by rising, nearly two hundred men stood up. Officers of the American Seaman's Friend Society were present, and they instinctively felt that this was the man to be made Chaplain of the Navy Yard. His power over seamen was remarkable, and he succeeded in starting a Christian Endeavor Society on every one of the six warships of the White Squadron.

It was through the singing of this hymn by Ira D. Sankey at a meeting conducted by Dwight L. Moody in 1870, that these two blessed servants of God were brought together and were led to enter upon the great evangelistic efforts which resulted in the conversion of many immortal souls, and which continued for nearly thirty years.

The Rev. T. B. Anderson writes of

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

a great religious service once held in a city of Texas by a prominent evangelist. "The minister had been preaching two and three times a day for nearly two weeks, and great crowds had listened to his eloquent sermons. The last Sabbath afternoon came, and the building was crowded. The preacher announced that in view of the long strain to which he had been subjected he was physically unable to deliver a sermon, but that he would try to make a brief farewell address. After the usual opening exercises, he spoke for a few moments and then began repeating 'There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood.' As he proceeded the effect was electrical. The Spirit took hold of first the preacher and then the people, and all were greatly moved. When he reached the last line he invited all who would accept Christ to come to the altar, and many pressed forward. It seemed that the Spirit came like

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

an avalanche through this hymn that afternoon to almost as many as were present.”

At a meeting held by Torrey and Alexander, in Philadelphia, in 1906, Mr. Alexander asked those present to mention the hymns that had the most to do with their conversion, and it was clearly evident from the responses that “There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood” led all the others. Mr. Alexander said: “I first heard that blessed hymn in a little log meeting-house in Tennessee, and I got some touches of religion down there that I have never been able to get anywhere else.”

The Rev. G. P. Rutledge, of Philadelphia, contributes this incident out of his own personal experience: “In the early part of my ministry I held a short series of meetings in the country. It was summer, and the services were conducted in a grove, the pulpit being a small cliff.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

“A middle-aged man had been pointed out to me as the leading sinner of the community. I immediately sought to interest him in spiritual matters, but he refused to converse with me on the subject. At the close of the last service I announced that we would sing ‘There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood,’ and then added, solemnly, ‘This will be the last of these precious invitations. In a few moments we will disperse, and I will be driven to the train. I doubt if I shall ever see you again in this world. Many of you have accepted Christ, but there is one man among you in whom I am deeply interested and with whom I have tried to talk. I feel that unless he finds Christ now he may be forever lost. I pray that while we sing this hymn he may give his heart to his Saviour.

“When the last stanza was being sung he walked slowly through the crowd and came to me, with tears fall-

ing down his cheeks, and said, 'I want to confess Jesus before this stammering tongue lies silent in the grave.'"

One more incident must suffice. It was written by the Rev. Frank B. Lynch, of St. Luke's Methodist Church, Philadelphia:

"Many years ago a theatrical company was billed to play a series of Shakespearian plays in St. Louis, Missouri. The leading actor was a man of great ability but very irreligious. As the engagement lasted over one Sunday, and as the time on that day hung somewhat heavily, it was proposed that some of them attend a revival service that was being held in a Methodist Episcopal church, under the direction of the Pastor, who was a noted evangelist.

"The actors went more through curiosity than from any other consideration, and the leader especially boasted of the amusement he expected to have

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN

at the evening's 'performance,' as he termed it. The sermon was a powerful presentation of the scene of the great day of judgment. It deeply affected the audience and suppressed the amusement of the actors. The leader was the most indifferent of them all; but during the singing of the hymn, 'There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood,' he suddenly leaned forward in the pew and burst into tears. The minister came down to him and appealed to him to come forward for prayers. To the surprise of all, he at once complied, bowed at the altar, and was happily converted. He at once severed his connection with the stage, and after proper preparation was admitted to the ministry, where he became a most effective preacher and evangelist. He used to say that he had successfully resisted the appeal of the minister, but that the hymn sung at the close of the sermon so vividly set forth his own personal

relation to the death of Christ and the possibilities of instant pardon, that he was overwhelmed with grief for his sins and with a desire for a better life."

A source of great grief to Cowper, when his mind was overcast, was the fear that God had deserted him. How he would have rejoiced could he have known how signally God would honour him through the ages by turning many to righteousness through the use of his hymns!

XIV

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY
MOUNTAINS



From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliberate
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS



WE regret that we are able to add but little to the well-known story of this matchless missionary hymn, yet we gladly include it, as no collection of this kind, however limited in its selection, would be worthy of the name unless it contained this splendid appeal for the quickening of spiritual zeal,

“Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.”

Its poetic excellence, its spiritual fervour, its fine optimism, and its thrilling music insure it an abiding place in our song-books and in our hearts.

The Rev. David R. Breed, D.D., speaks of it in the most appreciative terms. “In this particular class of sacred literature,” he says, “we rise

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

with Heber to the very crest of the wave; his work is the climax. . . . It is expressed in the choicest poetic terms. . . . The diction is incomparably beautiful. . . . Every line, indeed, is as polished and refined as it can be. It is the art of the jeweller in the precious gems of language.”

How singularly inclusive, from a missionary view-point, are the opening lines:

“ From Greenland’s icy mountains,
From India’s coral strand,
Where Afric’s sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error’s chain.”

And what could be more appealing and suggestive than,

“ Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny? ”

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

Some one has well written: "It does not necessarily take a lifetime to accomplish immortality. A brave act done in a moment, a courageous word spoken at the fitting time, a few lines which can be written on a sheet of paper, may give one a deathless name. Such was the case with Reginald Heber, known far and wide, wherever the Christian religion has penetrated, by his unequalled missionary hymn, 'From Greenland's Icy Mountains.'"

Like such well-known hymns as "Abide With Me," "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and others, it was written at a sitting and for temporary need, with no thought of its world-wide usefulness in the coming years.

Fortunately, the story of the origin of the hymn has been authentically preserved, and is as follows:

"On Whitsunday, 1819, the late Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph and

Vicar of Wrexham, preached a sermon in Wrexham Church in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. That day was also fixed upon for the commencement of the Sunday evening lectures intended to be established in the church, and the late Bishop of Calcutta [Heber], then Rector at Hodnet, the Dean's son-in-law, undertook to deliver the first lecture. In the course of the Saturday previous, the Dean and his son-in-law being together in the vicarage, the former requested Heber to write something for them to sing in the morning, and he retired for that purpose from the table, where the Dean and a few friends were sitting, to a distant part of the room. In a short time the Dean inquired, 'What have you written?' Heber, having then composed the first three verses, read them over. 'There, there, that will do very well,' said the Dean. 'No, no; the sense is



Charles Grosz

“HE RETIRED FOR THAT PURPOSE TO A DISTANT PART OF THE ROOM.”—Page 304.



GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

not complete,' replied Heber. Accordingly, he added the fourth verse, and the Dean being inexorable to his repeated request of 'Let me add another, oh, let me add another,' thus completed the hymn . . . which has since become so celebrated. It was sung the next morning in Wrexham Church for the first time."

The original manuscript, bearing the scar of the hook on which it was hung by the printer who put it into type the Saturday it was composed, is still preserved. It was exhibited at the World's Exhibition in London in 1851. It became the property of Dr. Thomas Raffles, of Liverpool, himself a hymnologist of some note, and when his collection was sold this manuscript brought forty-two pounds. It is said that the collection on the occasion when the hymn was first sung amounted to thirty-four pounds.

So perfect was the hymn in its origi-

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

nal conception that it remained unchanged by its author save in a single instance — the word *heathen*, in the second verse, being substituted for *savage*.

It would be an interesting exercise for the poetically inclined to attempt to suggest the verse that Heber would have added to the hymn had his father-in-law consented; and yet, in view of the completeness of the lines, such a task would be exceedingly difficult.

When Heber was appointed Bishop of Calcutta, a correspondent sent a copy of his hymn, accompanied by a letter, to *The Christian Observer*, and both letter and hymn were published in that paper in February, 1823. The letter is as follows:

“The accompanying missionary hymn is so beautiful, considered as poetry, and so honourable as the effusion of a Christian mind, that I should request its insertion in your pages, even if it were not the production of a writer

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

whose devout and elevated muse justly obtained your labours [a review of Heber's "Palestine," which appeared in *The Observer*]; whose name has since been often mentioned in your pages with high respect; and whose appointment to a most important station in the church of Christ [to be Bishop of Calcutta] you have recently announced with a pleasure which is shared by all who have at heart the moral and spiritual welfare of our numerous fellow-subjects, native and European, in the East. The hymn having appeared some time since in print, with the name of Reginald Heber annexed, I can feel no scruple in annexing that name to it on the present occasion. There is nothing, either in the sentiment or the poetry, but what does honour to the now Right Reverend Prelate, while it must delight every Christian mind to witness such devout ardour for the extension of 'Messiah's Name,' in a sta-

tion so eminently important for giving effect to that desire in all those measures which Christian piety, meekness, and prudence may suggest."

A copy of *The Observer* containing the letter and hymn found its way across the Atlantic and was read by a lady in Savannah, Georgia; and it was through this means that the words were destined to be associated with the beautiful music to which they are now sung. Robinson thus tells the story in his *Annotations*:

"The tune, 'Missionary Hymn,' to which this piece is universally sung in America, was composed by Dr. Lowell Mason. The history of its composition is in like measure romantic; the family of the now deceased musician has very kindly supplied the facts:

"It seems that a lady residing in Savannah, Georgia, had in some way become possessed of a copy of the words sent to this country from Eng-

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

land. This was in 1823. She was arrested by the beauty of the poetry and its possibilities as a hymn. But the meter of 7s, 6s, D. was almost new in this period; there was no tune that would fit the measure. She had been told of a young clerk in a bank, Lowell Mason by name, just a few doors away down the street. It was said that he had the gift for making beautiful songs. She sent a boy to this genius in music, and in a half hour's time he returned with this composition. Like the hymn it voices, it was done at a stroke, but it will last through the ages."

In the great revival in Philadelphia in 1858, fuller mention of which is made in the chapter on "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus," the United States warship "North Carolina" was lying at the old navy yard, near the foot of Washington Avenue, on the Delaware River. Many of the sailors attended the services and a number professed

conversion. Getting into this closer spiritual relationship, they began talking to each other more freely of their homes, and it was found that they represented several nationalities. When one stated that he was from Greenland, they instinctively and spontaneously began singing Heber's great missionary hymn.

Reginald Heber was born in Malpas, Chester County, England, on the 21st of April, 1783. His father was an Episcopalian clergyman, his mother the daughter of a clergyman. "His early childhood was distinguished by mildness of disposition, obedience to parents, consideration for the feelings of those around him, and trust in the providence of God, which formed, through life, so prominent a part of his character."

He could read the Bible with ease when he was five years of age, and "even then was remarkable for the

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

avidity with which he studied it, and for his accurate knowledge of its contents." He also wrote very commendable verses at an early age.

At the age of seventeen he entered Brazenose College, Oxford, November, 1800, and soon after won the Chancellor's medal for the best Latin verse. In the spring of 1803 he wrote his celebrated poem "Palestine." Sir Walter Scott, who was twelve years his senior, thus writes of him at this time: "I spent some merry days with Heber at Oxford, when he was writing his prize poem ['Palestine']. He was then a gay young fellow, a wit and a satirist, and burning for literary fame. My laurels were beginning to bloom, and we were both madcaps." One morning when they were breakfasting together, a portion of "Palestine" was read. "You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the temple," said Sir Walter, "that no

tools were used in its erection." Before the party separated, Heber had added the lines which afterwards became the best-known of the poem:

“ No hammer fell, no ponderous axes swung ;
 Like some majestic palm the mystic fabric
 sprung,
 Majestic silence ! ”

“ The success which attended this prize poem has been unparalleled in its class ; universally read at the time, by many committed to memory, it has retained its place among the higher poetic compositions of the age.” Seventeen years later the author heard it sung at Oxford as an oratorio.

He spent 1805–06 in a Continental tour. In 1807 he was ordained and became the Rector of Hodnet. Two years later he married the youngest daughter of Dean William D. Shipley, and one child came to brighten their lives. It was the death of this

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

child, in early infancy, that prompted his beautiful hymn of submission, commencing,

“Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee.”

In 1820, an infectious disease appeared in the town and neighbourhood of Hodnet. Mr. Heber heroically gave himself to ministering to the sick, and when remonstrated with, said: “I am as much in God’s keeping in the sick man’s chamber as in my own room.” He caught the disease from the poor people of the workhouse, and was, for a time, in grave danger of losing his life.

He was Rector of Hodnet for sixteen years, and greatly endeared himself to his people.

In January, 1823, he was appointed Bishop of Calcutta. The following month the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by

Oxford. He sailed for India in June of that year, and reached his destination in October.

Under date of September there is this interesting reference in his diary: "Though we are now too far off Ceylon to catch the odours of the land, yet it is, we are assured, perfectly true that such odours are perceptible to a very considerable distance. In the Straits of Malacca a smell like that of a hawthorne hedge is commonly experienced; and from Ceylon, at thirty or forty miles, under certain circumstances, a yet more agreeable scent is inhaled."

He became very popular in India, and did excellent work for the Master; but he was called to his heavenly reward "in the meridian of his reputation and Christian utility, leaving behind him no recollection but of his amiable manner, his sweetness of temper, his goodness of heart, his universal charity, his splendid and various talents, and all his deep

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

devotion to the duties of his sacred calling.”

He had preached on the 2d of April, 1826, and on the following morning had attended to a number of parochial duties, among them being the confirmation of a class of forty-two members and delivering to them a stirring call to faithfulness. Returning home, thoroughly exhausted, he retired to his room for a bath. Shortly after, a servant, on going to the room, found him dead in the water, his death having been caused by apoplexy. This untimely end of his earthly career, at the early age of forty-three, caused sincere grief in India, England, and elsewhere.

“How often,” exclaimed a young sufferer, “do some of Bishop Heber’s hymns rise within my soul, as if the hand of my Redeemer had touched all the musical chords within me! I sing to myself, while the sea is whispering and roaring by turns on the beach; and

then I look out on the waters as I lie here, and love to think of that cultivated and gifted man crossing the deep under the constraining power of his Redeemer's love, and gladly sacrificing all the comforts and honours of his native land for the joy of proclaiming peace to the multitudes of India. . . . How I love to watch him as the tear trembles in his eyes at hearing one of his own blessed hymns sung far up in India, at Meerut, and sung, as he says, 'better than he had ever heard it sung before.' Oh, that last kind address of his to the class he confirmed on the day of his death. How often I have read it! 'And now,' he said, 'depart in the faith and favour of the Lord; and if what you have learned and heard this day has been so far blessed as to produce a serious and lasting effect on you, let me entreat you to remember sometimes in your prayers those ministers of Christ who have laboured for your instruction,

GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS

that we who have preached to you may not ourselves be cast away, but that it may be given to us also to walk in this present life according to the words of the gospel which we have received of the Lord, and to rejoice hereafter with you, the children of our care, in that land where the weary shall find repose and the wicked cease from troubling; where we shall behold God as He is, and be ourselves made like unto Him in innocence and happiness and immortality.' Blessed man! he soon found his rest after uttering these words. How touching it is, that story of his end! Alone in his last moments, and his happy spirit suddenly departing, and leaving his body in the waters of the bath in which he had sought refreshment after his toils."

It is no small honour to have been the author of several hymns which are, without doubt, among the very best of their kind: "From Greenland's Icy Moun-

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

tains," as a missionary hymn; "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," as a hymn of adoration; "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," as a martial hymn; "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill," as a child's hymn; "Thou Art Gone to the Grave, But We Will Not Deplore Thee," as a hymn of resignation; "Bread of the World in Mercy Broken," as a communion hymn; "When Through the Torn Sail the Wild Tempest is Streaming," as a sailor's hymn; and "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning," as a hymn to the infant Jesus — these and others will make the name of Heber familiar as long as English-speaking people lift up their hearts in praise to their Creator.

XV

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF
JESUS



Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 't is the voice of angels
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast;
There by His love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials, —
Only a few more tears!

Jesus, my heart's dear Refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

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SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS



WILL CARLETON, himself a writer of popular verse, truthfully says: "All over this country and, one might say, the world, Fanny Crosby's hymns are singing themselves into the hearts and souls of the people. They have been doing this for many years, and will do so as long as our civilisation lasts. There are to-day used in religious meetings more of her inspired lines than of any other poet, living or dead. . . . Her sacred lyrics have been translated into several languages. She is easily the greatest living writer of hymns, and will always occupy a high place among authors."

Some years ago the *Sunday at Home* invited its readers to send lists of the one hundred English hymns which stood highest in their esteem.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Nearly three thousand five hundred responses were received. A list of the most popular one hundred hymns, according to this selection, was compiled. "Rock of Ages" received the highest number of votes, 3215; and the one hundredth, "Sometimes a Light Surprises," 866. Fanny Crosby's hymn, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," ranked sixty-fifth.

The gifted authoress of this comforting hymn had the seeming misfortune to lose her sight when only six weeks of age, apparently through the incompetency of a physician who treated her for what appeared to be at the time only a slight inflammation of the eyes. Throughout the years she has borne her affliction bravely, and declares it to be her belief that an all-wise Father intended that she should pass her days in darkness in order that she might the better sing His praises.

She was born in Putnam County,

New York, on the 24th of March, 1820, of good Revolutionary stock. She grew into a happy, fun-loving girl, and her blindness did not prevent her from sharing in many of the joys of childhood. She writes, in her very interesting autobiography, which all should read, that she could climb a tree or ride a horse as well as any of her playmates. "Gradually," she says, "I began to lose my regret and sorrow at having been robbed of sight: little by little God's promises and consolations came throbbing into my mind. Not only the Scriptures, but the hymns that I had heard sung Sabbath after Sabbath, made deep impressions upon me."

When nine years of age she moved to Ridgefield, Connecticut, and there lived with a Mrs. Hawley, who frequently read to her from the Bible and from books of verse. Fanny must have been a remarkably precocious child for within a year she had committed to

memory the first four books of the Old Testament and the four Gospels; she could also recite many poems.

Her first verses were written when she was eight years old, and were very creditable for one so young; and they were no less commendable because of their fine optimism — a characteristic which has always been prominent in Fanny Crosby's nature.

As she grew older she developed a keen desire for knowledge — a desire which, by reason of her physical infirmity, seemed, for a long time, to have no possibility of realisation; but in 1835, when she had reached the age of fifteen, she had the good fortune to be sent to a school for the blind in New York City. This opportunity to improve her mental faculties filled her with inexpressible happiness. Her first teacher in this institution was Dr. John D. Russ, who had been associated with Lord Byron in his romantic efforts to

assist the Greeks to gain their independence. It was an inspiration to her to come into this close relation with one who had known the brilliant English poet. She was also greatly encouraged on learning that Homer, Ossian, Milton, and others, although blind, had become famous authors.

Her mental development was rapid, and at the age of twenty-two she became a teacher in the school in which for seven years she had been a pupil. Soon after, William Cullen Bryant, who was then at the height of his fame, visited the institution and spoke encouragingly to the young teacher of some verses of hers which he had chanced to read. "He never knew," she said, "how much good he did by those few words to the young girl who had hardly hoped to touch the hem of his proud robe of poetic genius."

During these years she had written much poetry, and was specially pleased

when the distinguished Scotch phrenologist, Dr. George Combe, visiting the school, examined her head and exclaimed: "Why, here is a poet! Give her every advantage that she can have; let her hear the best books and converse with the best writers, and she will make her mark in the world."

In 1844 a number of the blind students appeared before the United States Senate and the House of Representatives in an effort to interest the members in the school and secure an appropriation. Fanny Crosby gave a poetical address. "I have been told," she says, "that I was the first and last poet ever invited to speak or recite his or her own productions before the great National Assembly."

It is interesting to note the names of some of the representative men who were among her audience: John Quincy Adams, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, Hannibal Hamlin,

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS

Stephen A. Douglas, Rufus Choate, Thomas H. Benton, Hamilton Fish, Henry A. Wise, Alexander Stephens, Jefferson Davis, and Robert Toombs, all of whom had already, or subsequently, achieved national distinction.

When Henry Clay's son was killed at the battle of Buena Vista, in 1847, Miss Crosby composed and sent to the grief-stricken father a poem of sympathy. Some time after, Mr. Clay made an address before the school; at its close he sought out the blind girl and, leading her to the front of the platform, said: "This is not the first time I have felt the comforting presence of this young friend, although I never saw her before. Into the deep wounds of my sorrow she has poured the balm of consolation."

In 1848 General Winfield Scott visited the school, only a few months after his great triumph in Mexico; and shortly after, General Bertrand, one

of Napoleon's most brilliant officers, who was with him when he died an exile at St. Helena, was a guest of the school. Two years later, Jenny Lind came, and entranced the teachers and scholars by her marvellous singing.

With Grover Cleveland, who frequently copied her poems for her when he was a youth of sixteen, she has enjoyed a long and highly prized friendship. His brother was head teacher in the school, and young Grover spent some time there, immediately after his father's death in 1853, as a clerk.

In 1844 Fanny Crosby published her first volume of verse, *The Blind Girl, and Other Poems*. Since that time a number of volumes have appeared from her pen.

It will doubtless be a surprise to many to be informed that Fanny Crosby's real name is Frances Van Alstyne. In 1858 she married Alexander Van Alstyne, a blind teacher of the

school in which she herself taught. He had been a pupil in several of her classes. He was a brilliant musician and a fine classical scholar. They lived happily together until his death, June 18, 1902. It was at her husband's special request that she continued, after her marriage, to sign her maiden name to her writings.

She is a voluminous writer of hymns, and has composed over five thousand. She has written as many as seven in one day. She never enters upon compositions of this nature without an earnest prayer that her efforts may be used to the glory of God and the uplift of humanity. Among her best-known hymns are "Only a Step to Jesus"; "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour"; "Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross"; "To the Work"; "Blessed Assurance"; "I Am Thine, O Lord"; "Only a Beam of Sunshine"; "Rescue the Perishing"; "There's a Cry from

Macedonia ”; “ We Shall Know Each Other There ”; “ Just a Word for Jesus ”; “ Saviour, More than Life to Me ”; and “ Saved by Grace.”

Perhaps, however, the hymn of her composing which is destined to have the most widespread popularity is “ Safe in the Arms of Jesus.” It has already brought peace and comfort to numberless lives, and will continue its heaven-sent mission for years to come. It seems to have a special place in the hearts of mothers whose lost darlings are forever “ safe from the world’s temptations.”

On the 8th of August, 1885, when General U. S. Grant was laid to rest in Riverside Park, on the banks of the beautiful Hudson, with all the civic devotion and martial pride befitting the foremost soldier of his time, from band after band there came on the solemn summer air the comforting and sympathetic music of “ Safe in the Arms



Clara Griswald

“FANNY, I HAVE JUST FORTY MINUTES; DURING THAT TIME YOU MUST WRITE ME A HYMN.”—*Page 332.*



SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS

of Jesus," intermingled in tender and touching harmony with the hushed notes of funeral bells, the muffled boom of minute guns from the fleet in the river, the subdued footfall of marching thousands, and the suppressed hum of human voices which is heard only when vast crowds are brought together by a common sorrow.

Miss Crosby gives us this interesting account of the origin of the hymn: "One day Mr. W. H. Doane, who composed much beautiful music, came to me hurriedly and exclaimed: 'Fanny, I have just forty minutes to catch the train for Cincinnati; during that time you must write me a hymn, and give me a few minutes to catch the train.'

"I happened to be in a good mood for writing. He hummed the melody to which he wanted the words written, and in fifteen minutes I gave them to him and he started away. Upon his arrival home he published them, and I

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

have been told upon good authority that the hymn is now sung wherever Christian music is known.”

She also gives this interesting incident in connection with this beautiful hymn: “When Mr. Sankey was in Edinburgh, an old Scotch woman came to him and said she wanted to thank him for writing ‘Safe in the Arms of Jesus.’ ‘But I did n’t write it,’ replied Mr. Sankey; ‘that was Fanny Crosby,’ and he sat down and told her about me.

“‘Well,’ said the old lady, when he was through, ‘when ye gang back to America, gie her my love, and tell her an auld Scotch woman sends her blessings. The last hymn my daughter sang before she died was that one.’”

A mother was very much interested in a conversation carried on by her two little girls. One of them had been singing “Safe in the Arms of Jesus,” and the other had interrupted her with the question: “How do you know that you

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS

are safe?" "Because," was the response, "I am holding on to Jesus with both hands." "But that does not make you safe," persisted the other; "suppose Satan should cut off your hands." For a moment a troubled expression came into the trustful little face, but it almost instantly cleared and she joyously exclaimed, "Oh, I made a mistake! Jesus is holding me with His hands, and Satan can't cut His hands off. I am perfectly safe in His arms." Could any answer have been more beautiful!

On the 24th of March, 1906, two colored men were hanged in the jail yard at Mt. Holly, New Jersey. At the moment when they were about to pay the extreme penalty for their awful crime, after expressing their belief in their salvation, some one was heard singing "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." It proved to be a prisoner, with a tenor voice of rare sweetness, who occupied a cell overlooking the scaffold. It is not

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

too great a stretch of faith to believe that even these two misguided souls, who atoned for their crime with their lives, and confessed their contrition, may have been saved, even as was the sinner on the cross at Calvary. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

More than ever, as the years go by, the popularity of Fanny Crosby's hymns increases. In almost every gathering where the salvation of souls is the chief object of concern, one or more of her compositions are sung. There are many to-day who can say with grateful, whole-hearted sincerity, Thank God for Fanny Crosby, and for all her labours of love and usefulness!

"Rich in experience that angels might covet;
Rich in a faith that has grown with the
years,"

she waits serenely in the mellow glow of life's golden sunset with little to regret

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS

and with much for which to be grateful. She knows in whom she has believed, and as she bides His time she labours on, sending forth hymns of hope and love; and praying still, as she has prayed along the years, that her messages of cheer may reach sin-stained souls, and that through their blessed ministry many, at the last great day, may be found sharing with herself the supreme spiritual joy and privilege of being

“ Safe in the arms of Jesus.”



XVI

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE



America.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my Fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, - thee,
Land of the noble, free;
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound, profound.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith.

Written in 1832.

Third meeting, 1894.



THE REV'D SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, D.D., AUTHOR OF
"MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE."



MY COUNTRY, 'T IS OF THEE



HE Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., author of "America," which is better known as "My Country, 'T is of Thee," attended a patriotic gathering in the Old South Church, Boston, Massachusetts, in February, 1895, in commemoration of Washington's birthday. During the exercises Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who presided, recited Dr. Smith's popular hymn, and repeated the comment of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in regard to it: "What is fame? To write a hymn which sixty millions of people sing; that is fame." Judged by this standard, there is no doubt of Dr. Smith having attained fame, for his hymn is a universal favourite and is sung with patriotic fervour the land over. The custom is becoming general for American audiences to sing it with

bared heads and standing, — a beautiful and fitting recognition of the honour due our beloved land, and the reverence due to God, who has so signally showered upon it His choicest blessings.

In a letter dated “Newton Centre, Mass., November 7th, 1894,” Dr. Smith sent to a friend a sketch of his life and an autograph copy of his hymn, both of which are here given. The biographical sketch is as follows:

“S. F. Smith was born in Boston, October 21st, 1808. He studied at the Boston Latin School; graduated at Harvard College in 1829 and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1832. He spent a year in editorial labours in Boston. In 1834 he was ordained in Waterville, Maine, pastor of the First Baptist Church. At the same time he commenced as professor of Modern Languages in Waterville College, now Colby University. He held this double office eight years.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

“ In January, 1842, he removed to Newton, Mass., and became pastor of the First Baptist Church. He held that office for twelve and a half years. Also, in January, 1842, he became editor of the *Christian Review*, a quarterly published in Boston, and continued in this position seven years. He then became editorial secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union for fifteen years, and also the permanent supply of two feeble churches. In 1875 he visited Europe and travelled a year. Again, in 1880–1882, he visited Europe and Asia for a little over two years, surveying missions of all denominations in Asia and Europe. Since his return he has been occupied with his literary pursuits and correspondence.

“ Have written poetry from my childhood. I have on hand now more than a hundred hymns, besides numerous other compositions, many of them occasional.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

“ Wrote ‘ My Country, ’T is of Thee,’ in February, 1832. I was impressed with the tune, which I saw in a German music book, and I wrote the hymn to suit the metre. It is not a translation of the German words. The hymn was first sung in Park Street Church, Boston, at a children’s celebration, July 4th, 1832, being introduced, without my knowledge, by Lowell Mason, Esq. [Dr. Edward Everett Hale, at that time ten years of age, was one of the children who sang on this occasion.]

“ I have always been interested in the acquisition of languages, and had facility in learning them. I have read books in fifteen different languages; and since my eighty-fifth birthday have undertaken the Russian.”

Dr. Smith died on Saturday afternoon, November 16, 1895. He had just entered the 5.40 train for Readville, a suburb of Boston, where he had

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

an engagement to preach on the following day. Turning to speak to a friend, he gasped for breath, threw up his hands, and fell backwards. He died almost instantly.

On the morning of that day he had entertained at his home in Newton Centre, where he had lived in the one house for more than half a century, his old friend and Harvard classmate, the Rev. Samuel M. May. Apparently in the best of health, he told his friend of the great pleasure he had experienced in receiving so many tokens of respect from all over the country; and also expressed his gratification at being able to start in a short time to visit his son in Davenport, Iowa, with whom he expected to spend the winter. He bade Mr. May good-bye within less than an hour of his death.

A little while before this visit, Mr. May had written to Dr. Smith, congratulating him on having the best health

and the greatest ability to work of any of the four surviving members of their class of 1829 in Harvard, and Dr. Smith had answered in these words: "Yes, I am, perhaps, the best in health of the four remnants; I am grateful. Did I ever tell you that I was wee and weakly in my early days? But the beginning of the study of Latin was the signal of my improvement, — a queer specific for feeble childhood, not set down in the medical books. I never found a Latin lesson a task."

On the day of Dr. Smith's funeral all the business places of Newton Centre were closed, while the stars and stripes were at half mast on the common, the school building, and many private residences.

As is well known, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, another classmate of Dr. Smith at Harvard, in his celebrated class reunion poem entitled "The Boys," thus refers to him:

MY COUNTRY, 'T IS OF THEE

“ And there 's a nice youngster of excellent
pith, —
Fate thought to conceal him by naming him
Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and
the free, —
Just read on his medal, ‘ My country, ’ ‘ of
thee ’ ! ”

Herbert D. Ward writes: “ Dr. Holmes once said, ‘ Now, there 's Smith. His name will be honoured by every school child in the land when I have been forgotten for a hundred years. He wrote “ My Country, 'T is of Thee. ” If he had said “ Our country ” the hymn would not have been immortal, but that “ my ” was a master stroke. Every one who sings the hymn at once feels a personal ownership in his native land. The hymn will last as long as the country. ’ ”

Continuing, Mr. Ward, writing in April, 1895 (seven months before the death of the venerable author), gives us this interesting glimpse: “ Dear old

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Dr. Smith and I happen to live in the same town, and I can speak of him with the freedom of a neighbour and the reserve of an acquaintance. He is only eighty-six years old, and he gives the impression of being about seventy. With the exception of his deafness, which necessitates thoughtful articulation in talking to him, he is as hearty as he was forty years ago. The simplicity of his life is one secret of its strength and beauty. He lives in a modest gabled brown house opposite the common. There seems to be a sort of poetic justice in the fact that on every school day the stars and stripes wave to the breeze from the tall pole in front of his house, and that the words of his own immortal song easily and often find their way, in children's voices, across the common, the street, the little front yard, to the heart of their birth. He is wide-awake to every phase of modern life, a profound student of

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

language, a courteous citizen, and a Christian neighbour and friend. He is always happy, and he has conferred happiness upon millions.”

On the 3d of April, 1895, a great celebration was held in Music Hall, Boston, in honour of Dr. Smith, and above five thousand people attended the afternoon and evening exercises, the afternoon service being especially for children. Dr. Smith was the central figure at each meeting. The decorations were in keeping with the patriotic nature of the occasion; flags and streamers were displayed, together with mottoes, emblems, and banners. In the rear of the hall, on a black background, and printed in gold letters, was the first line of “America,” “My country, 't is of thee,” also draped with the national colours. Both balconies were draped with bunting, caught up here and there with appropriate emblems and flags. The seals of the several States of the

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Union were represented on the walls above. It was a picturesque scene and one well calculated to stir the hearts of the thousands who beheld it.

In response to an address by Governor F. T. Greenhalge, Dr. Smith said: "I have no words to express the gratification given me by the fact that you have taken my poor little waif — of which I thought so little — and made of it a national hymn. When I think of the circumstances under which it has been sung — in children's schools, in war meetings, on battlefields, in camp grounds, and in hospitals — when I think of the spirit of patriotism which I hope has been nurtured by means of it, I feel that you have done a wonderful work. I feel that you have done me and yourselves a service in thus teaching patriotism to the children and to the men and women of the country."

"It was an inspiration," says a writer, "to be present and to have the

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

honour of listening to the laureate of American patriotism." And another writes of him at this time: "It is doubtful if Dr. Smith has an enemy, an opponent, a critic. He is a splendid example of true Christian character. He and his poem have gone round the world as promoters of love of country and of the universal kingdom of God." It is pleasant to know that our great patriotic hymn had its inspiration in so pure a heart.

A handsome souvenir of the occasion contained the following statement by Dr. Smith of the origin of the hymn:

"In the year 1831 William C. Woodbridge, of New York, a noted educator, was deputed to visit Germany and inspect the system of the public schools, that if he should find in them any features of interest unknown to our public schools here, they might be adopted in the schools of the United

States. He found that in the German schools much attention was given to music; he also found many books containing music and songs for children. Returning home, he brought several of these music books, and placed them in the hands of Mr. Lowell Mason, then a noted composer, organist, and choir leader. Having himself no knowledge of the German language, Mr. Mason brought them to me at Andover, where I was then studying theology, requesting me, as I should find time, to furnish him translations of the German words, or to write new hymns and songs adapted to the German music.

“ On a dismal day in February, 1832, looking over one of these books, my attention was drawn to a tune which attracted me by its simple and natural movement and its fitness for children’s choirs. Glancing at the German words at the foot of the page, I saw that they were patriotic, and I was instantly in-

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

spired to write a patriotic hymn of my own.

“ Seizing a scrap of waste paper, I began to write, and in half an hour, I think, the words stood upon it substantially as they are sung to-day. I did not know at the time that the tune was the British ‘ God Save the King.’ I do not share the regret of those who deem it an evil that the national tune of Britain and America is the same. On the contrary, I deem it a new and beautiful tie of union between the mother and the daughter, one furnishing the music (if, indeed, it is really English) and the other the words.

“ I did not propose to write a national hymn. I did not think that I had done so. I laid the song aside, and nearly forgot that I had made it. Some weeks later I sent it to Mr. Mason, and on the following 4th of July, much to my surprise, he brought it out at a chil-

dren's celebration, where it was first sung in public."

In an article written for *The Outlook*, Dr. Smith added the following:

"I began very soon to hear of the hymn as being sung in numerous schools, at patriotic gatherings, at picnics, from Maine to Texas. The people took it into their hearts. It found a place in the hymn books of the various denominations. It came back to me with variations in Latin, in Italian, in German, and in Swedish. The scenes connected with the Civil War called it into universal requisition. The children had learned it at school, and now it nerved them as stalwart men. It was sung at meetings held to encourage volunteering into the army, to celebrate victories, to fast and pray after defeats, at soldiers' funerals, when the women met to pick lint and prepare bandages for the wounded, or to forward supplies to the front, in all schools and in all

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

congregations. At a reception which I attended once in San Francisco I heard General Howard, whose empty sleeve spoke volumes, tell, with a tremor in his voice and tears on his cheeks, how he had heard it on the battlefields and in hospitals, by day and by night; the poor mutilated soldiers, as soon as their wounds were dressed, lifting up their voices in harmony, and singing yet another pæan for their country, for which they were proud to suffer and to die; and the words seemed even to recall the dying to life. Not a dry eye was in the assembly as he reviewed the experiences of that period of the Nation's peril. And I have heard the hymn myself sung half round the world, wherever there are English tongues to speak or American hearts to pulsate."

The *Outlook* adds:

"The great celebration of Columbus Day, at the World Exposition, Chicago, which happened to fall on the

birthday of the author of 'America,' was the occasion of another glorious utterance of the song. The public authorities determined to make the day not only memorable in honour of Columbus and the discovery of America, but also contributory to the patriotism of the country, and especially a lesson for the children. And thus from East to West, from sea to sea, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, the hymn of patriotism rolled in tides across the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—a joyful pæan of thanksgiving and a pledge of infinite promise."

On the Sunday preceding the Boston celebration, Dr. Smith preached for the last time in Newton Centre. The closing words of his final prayer had an almost pathetic significance in the light of the manner of his death, which was soon to come: "So let our lives pass sweetly onward from Sabbath to Sab-

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

bath, and from year to year, until suddenly, at some appointed time, we shall be permitted to change the earthly for the heavenly temple; the music of earth fading from our ears only to be exchanged for the music of heaven, whose sweetness shall never end."

Dr. Smith relates that when traveling in Italy, with a company of Americans, he spent a few days in Pompeii. It was suggested that it would be very appropriate in that dead and buried city to sing a live hymn, and "My Country, 'T is of Thee" was sung. A company of Scotchmen, not far away, then sang "Auld Lang Syne," and soon another group was heard singing a third national favourite.

In Boston, in July, 1895, eleven thousand Christian Endeavorers gave Dr. Smith a royal ovation when he appeared before them.

General James Grant Wilson tells this interesting incident:

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

“ At the Hampton Institute, near Fort Monroe, Va., they have a peculiar but most interesting and effective manner of rendering ‘ America.’ A trio, representing the white, negro, and Indian races, sing together,

“ ‘ My country, ’t is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.’

The Indian alone sings,

“ ‘ Land where my fathers died ’;

the white man,

“ ‘ Land of the pilgrims’ pride,’

and the negro,

“ ‘ From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.’

The Indians, in chorus, then sing the second stanza, beginning,

“ ‘ My native country, thee ’;

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

the negroes the third,

“ ‘ Let music swell the breeze,’

and then all join in the last —

“ ‘ Our fathers’ God, to Thee,

Author of liberty,

To Thee we sing:

Long may our land be bright

With freedom’s holy light:

Protect us by Thy might,

Great God, our King.’ ”

Edward Marshall, the talented young newspaper correspondent, was among the Americans seriously wounded during our war with Spain. While in a New York hospital, receiving treatment for his wounds, he dictated for one of our leading magazines the following pen-picture of the field at Guasimas:

“ There is one incident which shines out in my memory above all others as I lie in a New York hospital writing. It was just after the battle near Santi-

ago, on the 24th of June. It was in the field hospital, and a continual chorus of moans rose through the tree branches overhead. Amputation and death stared its members in their gloomy faces. Suddenly a voice started softly:

“ ‘ My country, ’t is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.’ ”

Others then took up the lines:

“ ‘ Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims’ pride — ’ ”

“ The quivering chorus, punctuated by groans and made spasmodic by pain, trembled up from that little group of wounded Americans in the midst of the Cuban solitude, — the pluckiest, most heartfelt song that human beings ever sang.

“ But there was one voice that did not quite keep up with the others. It was so weak that it hardly could be

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

heard until all the rest had finished with the line:

“ ‘ Let freedom ring.’

Then halting, struggling, faint, it repeated, slowly:

“ ‘ Land-of-the-pilgrims’-pride,
Let freedom — ’

The last word was a woful cry. One more son had died as died the fathers.”

At the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Des Moines, Iowa, in May, 1906, the Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., made a strong plea in behalf of the churches which had been destroyed a short time before by the disastrous California earthquake. During this address he recited two additional stanzas for “America,” which have excited deep and far-reaching interest. Dr. van Dyke has kindly furnished the fol-

lowing information relative to their composition:

“They were suggested to me in connection with the wonderful expression of sympathy, from all parts of the United States, with the sufferings caused by the San Francisco earthquake. I remembered my journeys in California, and with that remembrance came up to me the vision of the many sublime and beautiful scenes which I had looked upon in the course of my wanderings through this great land. I felt sure that the patriotic feeling of every true American must have within itself the recollection of such visions as these; and that love of the land itself — so vast, so varied, so rich, so beautiful — must be an essential element in the love of country.

“Who that has ever lived in New England can fail to remember and feel the charm of that landscape, with its gentle wildness, its cool, friendly wood-

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

lands, its bright little rivers, its white churches crowning the hilltops?

“ But Dr. Smith’s poem needs other stanzas to express the inexhaustible riches of the sublime and beautiful, the broad and varied natural enchantments of all America. Let us sing the familiar and well-loved verses which come from the East; but let us sing also of the North and the West and the South, the Great Lakes, the wide forests, the vast prairies and the blooming savannahs.”

The lines have already been widely printed and almost as widely misprinted. The following version was furnished by Dr. van Dyke himself:

“ I love thine inland seas,
Thy groves of giant trees,
Thy rolling plains;
Thy rivers’ mighty sweep,
Thy mystic canyons deep,
Thy mountains wild and steep,
All thy domains:

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

“Thy silver Eastern strands,
Thy Golden Gate that stands
Fronting the West;
Thy flowery Southland fair,
Thy sweet and crystal air, —
O Land beyond compare,
Thee I love best!”

XVII

THE GLORY SONG



O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fin-ite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
heav-en's place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

CHORUS.
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me..... O that will be
O..... that will

glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me;.....

I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

*From "Praises" by permission of E. O. Excell
Chicago*



THE GLORY SONG



HE Rev. George T. B. Davis thus refers, in 1905, to the great Torrey-Alexander Mission:

“Such a revival journey, which has completely circled the earth, is entirely unprecedented in the history of the Christian Church. Other evangelists — such as Wesley, Whitefield, Finney, Moody and Sankey — have been mightily used of God on the two continents of America and Europe, but never has a great revivalist gone completely around the world preaching the same gospel to the yellow races of Japan and China, the mixed populations of Australia, and the dark-skinned natives of India. . . . A significant feature of this world-wide awakening has been the prominent place occupied in it by gospel songs. Everywhere the

people have caught up these revival hymns with boundless enthusiasm, and God has wonderfully used them in the conversion of thousands of the unsaved."

Among these great revival melodies not one has so thrilled the hearts of men and been so blessed of God in the salvation of immortal souls as the famous "Glory Song," which, though written so recently as 1900, is already known the world over, and has attained unprecedented popularity and usefulness.

The gifted author of this stirring hymn, Mr. Charles H. Gabriel, was born in the late fifties of the last century, in Iowa, and spent his earlier years on a farm in that State. At the age of seventeen he left his home and started out into the world, alone and unaided, to attempt the realisation of his boyhood's dreams. In this he has been eminently successful, in spite of



"I'VE GOT A SONG THAT IS GOING TO LIVE!"—Page 372.



THE GLORY SONG

many difficulties. He is, in the fullest sense of the word, "a self-made man," and deserves full praise for all that his indomitable perseverance and splendid energy have enabled him to accomplish. Personally, he is genial and sympathetic; he is a lover of little children and a helper of men in their times of need. His melodies are universally popular, and have received the highest commendation.

During the early summer of 1900, while bicycle riding with a Chicago publisher, for whom he was at the time preparing manuscript, he said to his friend: "I've got a song that is going to live!" He then gave the title of, and made brief quotations from, "O that will be glory."

In view of the fact that this famous composition has been restricted to special publications, its phenomenal popularity is the more remarkable. It will doubtless be of interest to state that

its author received only ten dollars for the copyright and sole use of it; and this admirably illustrates the fact that gospel songs are not always written merely for gain.

Charles M. Alexander, the magnetic gospel singer, has made the "Glory Song" famous wherever the English language is spoken. He was born on a farm in Tennessee thirty-eight years ago. His parents were earnest Christians, and both were excellent singers. On Sunday afternoons people would drive from far and near over the hills and gather on the pleasant verandah to enjoy the singing of sacred hymns, led by the father. The boy early developed ability of a musical nature, and his parents did all that they could to encourage him. His own story of how he received the special inspiration to make the most of his life is very interesting.

"I read in some magazine," he says,



Photo by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

Charles M. Alexander
II Timothy 2:15.



THE GLORY SONG

“about Gilmore, the famous band leader, in which it was told how, from a poor Irish boy coming over to America, he had gradually perfected himself in music until he had brought together one of the largest bands in America; and how, eventually, he had organised a great choir of singers in New Orleans. I thought that if that little lone Irish boy could do that, there might be some chance for me. I never quite got that magazine article out of my mind. I went to studying band instruments from a scientific standpoint, — what combinations of strings, brass or reed instruments, would produce certain effects. People said I was wasting my time, but I kept right on. I was simply studying to perfect myself in accordance with my dreams of the future; and I did not stop with singing or playing. I would go and listen to orators to see how they controlled their listeners, because I knew that if I was going

to handle big crowds successfully I'd have to learn how to get and keep their attention. At that time I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age. I read a good deal of religious literature, and also the biographies of many great men both of England and America, and I found that reading them gave me an insight into the work for which I was preparing."

He finally became an instructor of music in Maryville College, Tennessee, where he remained until his twenty-fourth year, when he entered the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, and took a full course in gospel hymnology and in Bible study in order to prepare himself thoroughly for what he had determined should be the great ambition and aim of his life, — the reaching of the unsaved through the singing of the gospel. For eight years after graduation he visited a number of towns in the middle West with the Rev. M. B. Wil-

THE GLORY SONG

liams, assisting him in successful evangelistic services.

In the spring of 1902 he went to Australia at the urgent invitation of Dr. R. A. Torrey, and united with him in the great revival services which have since that time been extended by these two consecrated Christian workers almost over the world.

Mr. Alexander is a matchless leader, and has a charming, winsome personality. He is a prime favourite wherever he goes; and all who know him love him for his sterling worth and genuine manhood.

We will let him tell, in his own words, how the "Glory Song" became world-famous:

"The 'Glory Song,' words and music, was written in Chicago, by Charles H. Gabriel, who is probably the most popular gospel song-writer in America to-day. I remember quite well the first time I saw it in looking

over a new song-book. I just glanced at it, and then said to myself, 'That man has wasted a page, for I do not believe that song will be sung much.'

"Some months later I stepped into a large Sunday-school convention and heard an audience singing it. It took such a hold of me that I could think of nothing else for days thereafter. I got my friends to sing it. I dreamed about it, and woke to the rhythm of it. Then I began to teach it to large audiences, and soon whole towns were ringing with the melody.

"I remember one little town in Kansas, called Wellington, where the University students turned out in a body, young men and women, and marched through the streets, four abreast, singing with fervour:

“ ‘ Oh, that will be glory for me,
Glory for me, glory for me;
When by His grace I shall look on His face,
That will be glory for me.’ ”

THE GLORY SONG

“Later, I was in a neighbouring town conducting a mission, and the largest revival excursion I ever heard of came to visit us. They had chartered a special train of fourteen cars and two engines, and brought over eight hundred people,—many of them prominent merchants, bankers, society leaders, and people of all grades and classes. When they alighted from the train, they formed in long lines, four deep, and marched through the streets, each one wearing a ribbon on which was printed in large letters, ‘Glory for me.’ They set the entire town ringing with the inspiring song.

“This was a little while before I went to Melbourne. When I started for Australia, I made up my mind that the ‘Glory Song’ should be the popular song of the campaign. I felt that it would stand any pressure that might be brought to bear upon it. I had the music plate in my box

and determined to make good use of it.

“Dr. Torrey had requested me to go ahead of him, and when I reached Australia, a week before he did, I did n't know a single person there. I was at once elected Musical Superintendent of the fifty different centres of the Melbourne Simultaneous Mission. I had several thousand copies of the ‘Glory Song’ printed so as to be ready for the great welcome meeting in Melbourne Town Hall.

“I remember with what anxiety I approached that meeting. I felt that the success of the musical part of the mission depended upon some one song catching the brains and hearts of the people. After we had sung a few songs, I announced that the next would be the ‘Glory Song,’ which was to be *the* revival song. They picked it up with the regular Australian enthusiasm and it was an instant success.

THE GLORY SONG

“The next day all over the city inquiries were made for the ‘Glory Song.’ It was printed in all kinds of papers and magazines, hummed in street-cars, in shops, and in factories, and ground out from hand organs. Within a month it was being sung all over Australia; and a popular writer declared that it had ‘set Australia on fire.’

“When we were conducting our campaign in the great Town Hall, Sydney, we had leaflets with the ‘Glory Song’ printed on them, and an invitation to the meetings printed at the bottom. We distributed these by thousands, handing them to each person as he came in. We would ask them, if they already had a copy of the song in their song books, to mail the leaflets to friends in the country who never got new songs, or put them in parcels as they sent them away.

“One day I had asked them to do this. A lady, when she returned home

from the service, had occasion to send a pair of shoes to be mended. She happened to think about the 'Glory Song' and put the leaflet into the bundle. The next day she went down to the shoemaker's, and found the old fellow pegging away with tears rolling down his cheeks. She asked, 'What is the matter?' He replied, 'Do you remember that "Glory Song" you put into the bundle? Last night I got my little family around the organ and we sang it. I noticed the invitation to come to the Town Hall and hear Torrey and Alexander, so I went up last night. I heard Dr. Torrey preach, and I gave my heart to God. I have sent my wife and children up this afternoon to the meeting, and I am just praying that God will save them.'

"And He did. The next night the whole family came forward and publicly confessed their acceptance of Jesus Christ.

THE GLORY SONG

“Wherever we went in Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, they would immediately send a request for the ‘Glory Song.’ We would often stop at stations for a few minutes, when we were on long railway journeys, and people would get to know when we would be passing through their town. They would often telegraph us that if we would get out for the few minutes our train stopped at the station they would have a lorry, with a piano in it, and a crowd to listen to me sing a verse and to Dr. Torrey while he spoke for two or three minutes. I remember quite well one place where we stopped for ten minutes they had a brass band playing the ‘Glory Song’ as we steamed in, and fifteen hundred people had gathered there for that brief service. One man came over a hundred miles to be present at a five minutes’ meeting at a station.

“When we reached Great Britain,

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

everywhere we went throughout the Kingdom the 'Glory Song' was the prime favourite. In Birmingham the streets fairly rang with it. A musical expert in London, who watches the songs of the nation, told me that he had never known any song, sacred or secular, to captivate Great Britain and the Colonies as quickly and completely as did the 'Glory Song.' I have had letters from Germany, France, Denmark, China, New Guinea, India, Zululand, and other countries, saying that the song had been translated into their native languages and was a prime favourite with the people.

"It is a song that takes with society people and musical people as well as with the man on the street. The name of the song at once interests everybody. Millions of people have been reached through its publication in the daily papers. I was in a great many parts of London, and asked all classes and

THE GLORY SONG

all grades of people if they had ever heard this song, and I did not receive a single negative answer.

“A friend of mine made a bicycle tour through western England, and he said that people were whistling or singing the melody on the streets of almost every village and city through which he passed.

“In the Welsh revival the ‘Glory Song’ was in constant use, and was one of the first songs to be used. It was called for at almost every service we held in the Royal Albert Hall, London. One afternoon I did not have it, and at the close of the meeting I had pitiful and indignant appeals for it. One clergyman said that he had come two hundred miles and ought to return that afternoon, but that he would remain for the night meeting if we would sing this song.

“Before each service requests would be handed up to me from people from

different parts of the country who said they had come long distances to hear this song. I have also found that the longer people sing it the better they like it; and the greater volume that can be secured in rendering it the better it is.

“One afternoon a worker came to me in the Royal Albert Hall, London, and said that a Jew had been present at the service and had heard the audience sing the ‘Glory Song.’ When they came to the words

“‘When by His grace I shall look on His face,’

the thought came to him, ‘These thousands of people seem sincere; they may be right, and Jesus may be the Messiah. If that be true, I shall never look on His face unless I accept Him.’ And that train of thought led to his taking Christ as his Saviour.

“An interesting incident in refer-

THE GLORY SONG

ence to the song was contained in a letter I recently received from England. The writer said that the song was sung at the launching of H. M. S. 'Dreadnaught,' the largest battleship in the world, one of whose guns is said to shoot twenty-seven miles. King Edward was present and had given orders that there be no band music, in view of the recent death of his father-in-law, the King of Denmark. His command was complied with, but no orders had been given prohibiting singing, hence the blue-jackets on the warship sang several hymns as the vessel was launched, and the first number on the program was the 'Glory Song.' It was simply another proof of the popularity of the hymn."

At one of the meetings Mr. Alexander made this statement: "Just as I came in the door I was handed the 'Glory Song' in three Indian languages. That makes at least fifteen

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

languages into which the song has been translated. There was a gentleman in the Bible Institute in Glasgow, Scotland, when we held our meetings there, who afterwards went out as a missionary to China. He wrote me a letter saying that as soon as he got to the mission station what was his surprise to hear the native Christians start up the 'Glory Song.' So he translated it into Chinese and sent it to me."

Mr. Alexander then asked the audience to tell where they had heard the "Glory Song." A man rose and said, "I heard it in Florida, and was delighted with it." "I heard it in New York," said another. One had heard it in Glasgow, Scotland; another in Belfast, Ireland; a third in Melbourne; a fourth in Cardiff, Wales; and others in Albert Hall, London, Johannesburg, South Africa, Brighton, England, until it seemed that almost every well-known

THE GLORY SONG

place on the globe was represented in the audience.

“Three years ago,” said a Danish pastor, “I was sick for a fortnight, and while lying on my bed I received from London a copy of a religious paper in which there was a report of the Torrey-Alexander revival and a reprint of the ‘Glory Song,’ words and music. In that fortnight God came to my heart in a wonderful way, and as I lay in my bed I translated the ‘Glory Song’ into Danish. When I was strong enough I held revival meetings, and for four weeks we sang the ‘Glory Song,’ and I suppose God used it to save many people. This autumn we had four meetings, at which twenty-seven hundred people were present — more than half of them men — and we sang the ‘Glory Song’ evening by evening until their hearts were glowing. When I return to Denmark I am going from city to city and from town to town conduct-

ing revival meetings and teaching the people to sing the 'Glory Song.'”

To hear a great congregation, led by Alexander, sing the “Glory Song” is one of the rich spiritual privileges of a lifetime.

XVIII

**SUNSET AND EVENING
STAR**

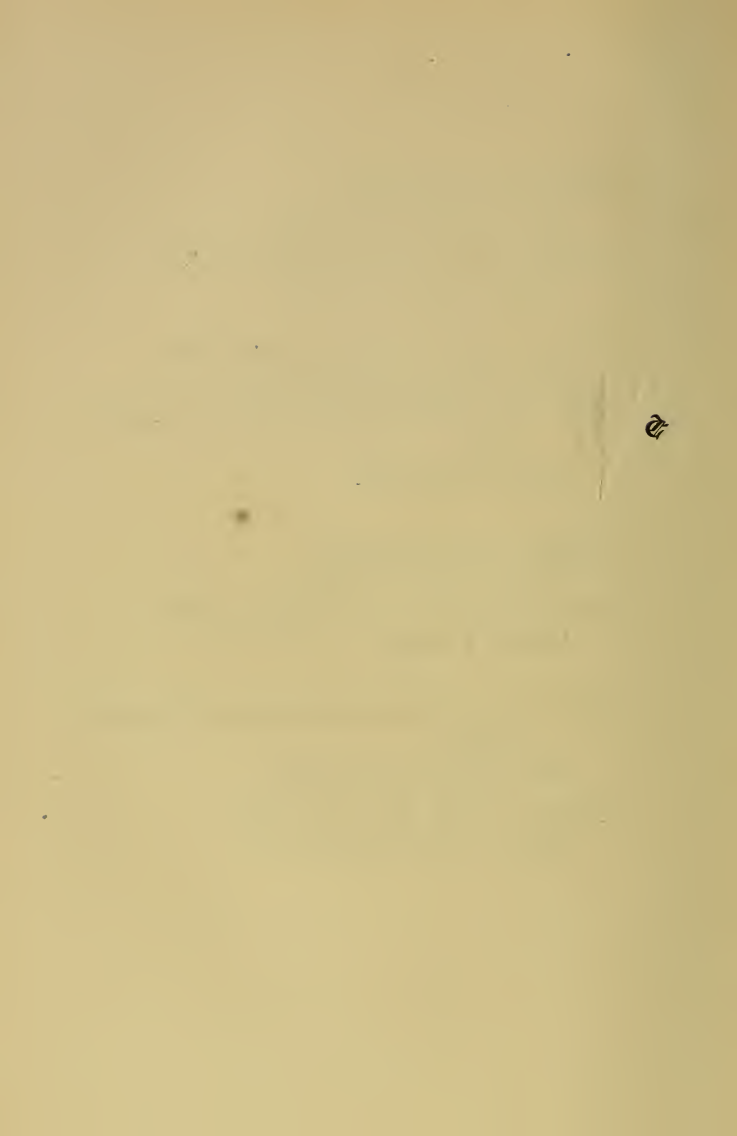


Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and
Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.





LORD TENNYSON, AUTHOR OF "SUNSET AND EVENING
STAR."



SUNSET AND EVENING STAR



NOTHING that Tennyson has ever written," declares Dr. Henry van Dyke, "is more beautiful in body and soul than 'Crossing the Bar.' It is perfect poetry — simple even to the verge of austerity, yet rich with all the suggestions of wide ocean and waning light and vesper bells; easy to understand and full of music, yet opening inward to a truth which has no words, and pointing onward to a vision which transcends all forms; it is a delight and a consolation, a song for mortal ears, and a prelude to the larger music of immortality."

As a poem, this exquisite lyric has already won a foremost place in our language; and as a hymn it is steadily increasing in popularity.

The present Lord Tennyson writes:

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

“ ‘ Crossing the Bar ’ was written in my father’s eighty-first year, on a day in October, when we came from Aldworth to Farringford. Before reaching Farringford he had the ‘ Moaning of the Bar ’ in his mind, and after dinner he showed me the poem written out. I said, ‘ That is the crown of your life’s work.’ He answered, ‘ It came in a moment.’ ”

Jowett, Master of Balliol, said to the beloved poet, when visiting him less than a month previous to his death, “ I believe that your ‘ In Memoriam ’ and ‘ Crossing the Bar ’ will live forever in men’s hearts.”

“ The student of poetry,” says Dr. Louis F. Benson, “ was glad that the old tree should bear so perfect a flower, and the religious public was touched by the venerable poet’s avowal of his personal faith.”

Space forbids that we give even a brief review of the life-work of the

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

great poet who wrote these tender lines "in the white winter of his age," but since it is so intimately associated with his last days, and was sung for the first time, as an anthem, at his funeral, there is peculiar fitness in recalling just here some of the very interesting events connected with his death and burial.

On the morning of Thursday, October 6, 1892, at half-past one o'clock, Alfred Tennyson "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace." One of his physicians, Sir Andrew Clark, said that it was the most glorious death he ever witnessed. There was no artificial light, the room being "flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window." The midnight silence was unbroken save by the autumn wind as it gently played through the trees surrounding the house, a fitting requiem for him who had so often wandered beneath their sheltering branches.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

The tide of his life ebbed peacefully out into the great ocean of eternity, and so calmly did he respond to the beckoning hand of the death angel that those who stood about his bed scarcely knew when the end came. It was much like what he himself had written in "The Passing of Arthur":

"Then from the dawn it seem'd there came,
 but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars."

During a wakeful interval on the afternoon preceding his death, he had asked for a copy of Shakespeare, and, with his own hands turned to his favourite lines in *Cymbeline*:

"Hang there, like fruit, my soul,
 Till the tree die."

These, he frequently declared, were among Shakespeare's tenderest words.

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

He fixed his eyes on the page, but did not speak. He may or may not have read the lines. He soon fell into slumber, and with his hand resting on the open book, the world-loved poet, weary with the burdens of many years, entered into his longed-for rest. There could not have been a gentler passing of a soul to its Creator.

Emily Gillmore Alden has happily caught the spirit of the solemn hour in her fine poem, "A Meet of Kings," two stanzas of which are here given:

"It was ideal dying, as the moonlight touched
the face
Of English King of Letters, with its weird
and solemn grace;
It silvered all the iron greys that spread
the pillow white,
And made that room the vestibule of
heaven's celestial light.

"It was ideal dying; the shallop crossed the
bar,
No pennon at the mast-head, but 't was
gemmed with evening star.

FAMOUS HYMNS OF THE WORLD

Such Laureate needs no Union Jack to be
for him unfurled —

He was beloved of nations, and his Abbey
is the world!”

With true poetic instinct, and with
a pen inspired by love for the great
poet, Dr. Henry van Dyke has en-
riched our literature with these charm-
ing verses:

“ From the misty shores of midnight, touched
with splendours of the moon,
To the singing tides of heaven, and the light
more clear than noon,
Passed a soul that grew to music till it was
with God in tune.

“ Brother of the greatest poets, true to
nature, true to art;
Lover of Immortal Love, uplifter of the
human heart,
Who shall cheer us with high music, who
shall sing, if thou depart?

“ Silence here, — for love is silent, gazing
on the lessening sail;
Silence here, — for grief is voiceless when
the mighty poets fail;
Silence here, — but far beyond us, many
voices crying, Hail!”

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

Hallam Tennyson, in his fine *Memoir* of his father, thus describes love's last tender ministries:

“For the next hours the full moon flooded the room and the great landscape outside with light; and we watched in solemn stillness. His patience and quiet strength had power upon those who were nearest and dearest to him; we felt thankful for the love and the utter peace of it all. . . . As he was passing away, I spoke over him his own prayer, ‘God accept him! Christ receive him!’ because I knew that he would have wished it. . . . He looked very grand and peaceful with the deep furrows of thought almost smoothed away, and the old clergyman of Lurgashall stood by the bed with his hands raised, and said, ‘Lord Tennyson, God has taken you, who made you a prince of men! Farewell!’ We placed *Cymbeline* with him, and a laurel wreath from Virgil’s tomb, and wreaths

of roses, the flower he loved above all flowers, and some of his Alexandrian laurel—the poet's laurel. On the evening of the 11th the coffin was set upon our wagonette, and made beautiful with stag's-horn moss and the scarlet lobelia cardinalis; and draped with the pall, woven by working men and women of the North, and embroidered by the cottagers of Keswick; and then we covered him with the wreaths and crosses of flowers sent from all parts of Great Britain. The coachman, who had been for more than thirty years my father's faithful servant, led the horse.

“Ourselves, the villagers, and the school children followed over the moor through our lane towards a glorious sunset, and later through Haslemere under brilliant starlight.”

The next day, Wednesday, the 12th, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, his coffin being covered, at the request

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

of the Prince of Wales, with the Union Jack. Vast multitudes thronged the storied building. The nave was lined by members of the famous Light Brigade, successors of the noble men whose distinguished bravery Tennyson immortalised in one of his most spirited poems — “The Charge of the Light Brigade.”

“Sunset and Evening Star,” set to music by Dr. Bridge, was sung. It is pleasant to have the following graphic picture of the scene at the grave preserved to us by the pen of the daughter of the Dean: “As the procession slowly passed up the nave and paused beneath the lantern, where the coffin was placed during the first part of the burial service, the sun lit up the dark scene, and touched the red-and-blue Union Jack upon the coffin with brilliant light, filtered through the painted panes of Chaucer’s window on the cleared purple space by the open grave,

and lighting up the beautiful bust of Dryden, the massive head of Longfellow, the gray tomb of Chaucer, and the innumerable wreaths heaped upon it. In the intense and solemn silence which followed the reading of the lesson were heard the voices of the choir singing in subdued and tender tones Tennyson's 'Crossing the Bar' — those beautiful words in which the poet, as it were, foretold his calm and peaceful deathbed. In the second line, the clear, thrilling notes of a boy's voice sounded like a silver trumpet call amongst the arches, and it was only at intervals that one distinguished Dr. Bridge's beautiful organ accompaniment, which swelled gradually from a subdued murmur, as of the moaning tide, into a triumphant burst from the voices, so blended together were words and music."

"Tennyson retained," writes Dr. Sutherland, "his power of vision and

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

expression to the last. He never wrote anything more exquisite or enduring than 'Sunset and Evening Star.' He had all that makes life sweet and valuable, — 'love, obedience, troops of friends,' — yet when death came there was 'no moaning of the bar' as he crossed into the haven of eternal peace, for his intellect was unclouded and his faith firm. His life was a long and golden day with a magnificent sunset."

The President of Lafayette College, Dr. Ethelbert D. Warfield, writes: "His after verse lost the early force, but rallied in one last lyric to give expression to the brave and hopeful soul which made the man a poet; and to reveal, like a ray of the setting sun, the serene beauty of his evening sky. The world was thrilled and gladdened by that little song, and now that he has 'crossed the bar,' we do not need to ask if he sleeps well beyond the sunset."

An interesting incident in connection

with the hymn is given by Mr. Harry Pringle Ford: "Some years ago, on a beautiful afternoon in the early autumn, I went for the first time along the famous Cliff Walk of Newport, Rhode Island. To a lover of art and nature the scene was one of rare beauty. On my right were the palatial homes of wealthy men; while at some distance below, and stretching far away to the left, was the great pulsing Atlantic, making its ceaseless plaint to the lofty cliffs. As I neared the end of the walk the ocean was beginning to reflect the crimson of the setting sun. Soon the great orb sank in splendour beneath the waters, leaving on the surface a pathway of burnished gold and a sky aglow with colour. Near-by yachts, be-lated by the calm, caught the freshen-ing evening breeze and sped for the harbour, while far-away ships gave an added touch to the picturesqueness of the well-nigh perfect scene. As I



"MY EYE CAUGHT, IN THE CLOUDLESS ATMOSPHERE, THE GLEAM OF A STAR,
RESPLENDENT IN ITS BEAUTY."—Page 406.



SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

looked out over the limpid waters, and then up to the magnificent afterglow in the western sky, my eye caught, in the cloudless atmosphere, the gleam of a star, resplendent in its beauty. Instantly there flashed upon my mind the words:

“ ‘Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me.’

“ I was younger then; and to me the ‘one clear call’ was not to face death but life; to take my Pilot on board for time as well as for eternity; to feel the need of Him as much on the open main as when making for the harbour. The ‘one clear call’ should be a trumpet sound to present duty, and a splendid stimulus to all to ‘follow the Gleam,’ as did Merlin. I have always been grateful for the sunset and evening star at Newport, and to Tennyson for helping me, by his tender lines, to make the experience an incentive to nobler endeavour.”

“Sunset and Evening Star” was a favourite of Dr. George Yardley Taylor, the brilliant young physician who gave up his life so heroically at Paou-tingfu, China, in the massacre of June, 1900. During the days preceding the tragedy the little circle of men, women, and children, who were so soon to seal their faith with their blood, frequently gathered about the organ in the Compound and sang the songs of the homeland, now doubly dear and consoling to them because of their helplessness and need; and with pathetic prescience Tennyson’s beautiful sunset hymn was always included. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that which existed between the peaceful surroundings of the gifted author when he “crossed the bar” in the early autumn morning, and the wild tumult through which these brave young missionaries went to their martyrdom; but we doubt not that the same gentle Pilot

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

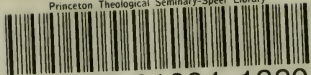
who stood in the quiet moonlit chamber,
while

“The casement slowly grew a glimmering
square,”

was also “keeping watch above His
own” at the awful carnage; and that
after the “sunset and evening bells,”
He tenderly guided them all — poet
and martyrs — to their desired haven,
to be with Him forever in “a house
not made with hands, eternal in the
heavens.”







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